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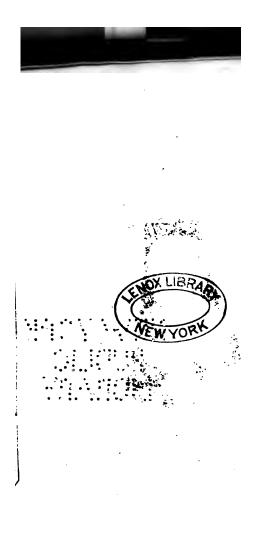
TALBOT'S REFLECTIONS,

ESSAYS, ETC...

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CATHERINE TALBOT'S

REFLECTIONS.



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CATHERINE TALBOT'S

REFLECTIONS.

SUNDAY.

The Omnipresence of God, and the practical inferences from it.

"O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me: thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising: thou art about my path and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways."

How true, how astoniahing is this thought! Almighty God, my Maker, is ever present with me. He is infinite in being, and, therefore, must be every where: he is infinite in knowledge, and, therefore, every thing must be known to him. No creature is too inconsiderable for his notice, who is

more than the rest, either out of for their goodness and kindness, rence for their greater wisdom and of interest, as being capable of doir or hurt. All these motives of the are joined in him. His excellen thought can conceive: whatever good, or amiable in the world, flo its source: in him is all greatness wisdom and knowledge; every tl rious, awful, venerable: my hour upon him, and all my expectat eternity to come. From him I h life, my being, every power and fa - body. Every innocent delight I e in every danger, he is my present but his could guide me safely thre mazes of life. Hitherto his pro fully watched over me, and his rig me up: and, through all my fut

we must all have appeared before an all-seeing God of infinite justice and holiness, without security of being considered otherwise than as objects of displeasure: but we know that he looks upon us now as objects of the tenderest mercy. He invites us to "pour out our hearts before him," at all times; "to call upon him in the time of trouble," "to look unto him, and be saved." O my soul, in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

Let me then ask myself, as in his sight, what is the general turn of my temper, and disposition of my mind? My most trifling words and actions are observed by him; and every thought is naked to his eye. Could I suppose the king, or any the greatest person I have any knowledge of, were within reach of observing my common daily behaviour, though unseen by me, should I not be very particularly careful to preserve it, in every respect, decent and becoming? Should I allow myself in any little froward humours? Should I not be ashamed to appear peevish and ill-natured? Should I use so much as one harsh or unhandsome expression even to my equal, or my meanest inferior, even were I ever so much provoked? Much less should I behave irreverently to my parents or superiors. This awful Being, in whom I live and move. and from whom no obscurity can hide me, by whom the very hairs of my head are all numbered; he knows the obligations of every relation in life; he sees, in their full light, the reciprocal duties of parents and children, of husbands and wives, of

.

MONDAY.

The Improvement of Time, and Self Examination.

" BLESSED are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness." Our Lord and Saviour has pronounced this blessedness, and, through his grace. I hope to partake of it. Hunger and thirst naturally prompt us to seek, without delay, the means of satisfying them. What then is the food of the mind? Wholesome instruction and religious meditation. If then I sincerely do hunger and thirst after righteousness, I shall be frequently feeding my mind with pious books and thoughts; I shall make the returns of these meals as regular # I can, and seldom shall I find any necessity strong enough to make me miss them a whole day together. But then it ought to be remembered, too, that even these, the best hours of my life, ought never to encroach upon the duties and employments of my station, whatever they may be. Am I in a superior station of life? My duty then, probably, takes in a large compass; and I am accountable to my Maker for all those talents entrusted with me by him, for the benefit of my fellowcreatures. I must not think of living to myself Mone, or devoting that time to imitate the employment of angels, which was given me for the service of men. Religion must be my chief end and my best delight; it must regulate all I think or do: but whatever my station is, I must fulfil all its duties. Have I leisure and genius? I must give a due portion of my time to the elegant improvements of life; to the study of those sciences that are an ornament to human nature; to such things as may make me amiable and engaging to all whom I converse with; that, by any means, I may win them over to religion and goodness: for if I am always shut up in my closet, and spend my time in nothing but exercises of devotion, I shall be looked upon as morose and hypocritical, and be disregarded as useless in the world. When this life is ended, we have a whole eternity before us to spend in those noblest employments and highest delights: but man, in this low state of mortality, pays the most acceptable obedience to God, by serving his fellowcreatures.

Perhaps all these considerations are wide from my case. So far from having leisure upon my hands, I have scarce a moment free from the necessary engagements of business and bodily labour: while I am working hard for bread for myself and my family, or attending diligently the commands of a strict master, to whom I am justly accountable for every hour I have, how can I find frequent opportunities for studying the word of God, or much time to spend in devout meditation? Why, happily, much is not required, provided I make the best use of what little I have. Some time I must needs have

on Sundays, and this I may improve: I may diligently attend to what I hear at church; I may examine whether my own practice is conformable to what I am there taught; and I may spend some hours in that day, either in good discourse with such as are able to instruct me, or in reading such religious books as are put into my hands. enough will be left for cheerful conversation and pleasant walks. Why should either of them be the less cheerful, for a mixture of religious thoughts? What, indeed, is there so gladdening as they are? Be my state ever so mean and toilsome, as a Christian, if, indeed, I behave like one, I am equal to the greatest monarch upon earth. Be my misfortunes and sorrows never so severe, as a Christian, I can look beyond death to an eternity of bappiness, of happiness certain and unspeakable. These thoughts, therefore, I should keep upon my mind through the whole week; they should be the amusement of my labour, and the relief of my weariness: and when my heart is thus ready, I shall sladly take every opportunity to sing and give praise. I shall awake early to worship that God. who is my defence and my delight; and I shall close every evening with prayer and thanksgiving to him, whose "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace." Whenever I can have a quarter of an hour to spare from the necessary business, and the (at fit times) as necessary relaxations of life, which, while they are innocent, moderate, and reasonable, will never be disapproved by that good God who has created every thing that is comely and pleasant in the world, and invites as

to rejoice and do good all the days of our life—when I have any spare time, I shall gladly spend it in reading, with reverence and attention, some portions of the Bible. In all my common conversation, I shall have my eye continually up to him, who alone can direct my paths to happiness and improvement, and crown all my endeavours with the best success: I shall try to be something the better for every scene of life I am engaged in; to be something the wiser for every day's conversation and experience: and let me not fear, but that if I daily thus faithfully strive to grow in holiness and goodness, be my growth at the present never so imperceptible, I "shall in due time arrive at the measure of the fulness of stature in Christ."

That I may be the better for the last twenty-four hours, let me examine a little what temper I have been in all that time. In general, perhaps, I can recollect nothing much amiss in it; but let me descend to particulars: things are often very faulty. that appear, at first sight, very trifling. Perhaps I have so fond a conceit of myself, as to think, that I can never be in the wrong. Has any uneasiness happened in the family this last day? Perhaps I think the fault was wholly in others, and the right entirely on my side: but ought I not to remember. that, in all disputes, there is generally some fault on both sides? Perhaps they began :- but did not I carry it on ?- They gave the provocation :- but did not I take it? - Am not I too apt to imagine that it would be mean entirely to let a quarrel drop. when I have a fair opportunity to reason, and argue,

and reproach; to vindicate my injured merit, and assert my right? Yet is this agreeable to the precepts and example of him, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again?" Is it agreeable to his commands, who has charged me, if my brother trespass against me, to forgive him, not seven times only, but seventy times seven? Is it agreeable to that Christian doctrine, which exhorts us, not to think of ourselves highly, but soberly, as we ought to think; and that, in lowliness of mind, every one should think others better than himself? And, alas, how often do I think this disrespect, though a slight one, provoking to me! This situation, though a happy one, not good enough for me! How often have I had in my mouth that wise maxim, that a worm, if it is trod upon, will turn again! Wretch that I am, shall I plead the example of a vile worm of the earth for disobeying the commands of my Saviour, with whom I hope hereafter to sit in heavenly places? *

It is proper to observe, that this excellent illustration of these unchristian passions, though expressed in the first person, conveys no sort of idea of the mild and humble disposition of the writer herself.

"I must work the work of I while it is day."—If our blessed great and excellent, was, when nature, so far from being exen neral law of nature imposed on all his race, who is there amon plead an exemption? The duty two-fold: first, as we are activings, ill would it become us to silence, and sleep away an uselestivity and extensive usefulness of a spiritual being: the great smitely active. "My Father the match our Saviour, "and I we sious degrees, all the orders of the saviour of the

ness; but guilty fallen man is peculiarly born to labour and to trouble. Equally just and merciful was the doom propounced to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread." Human nature. corrupted and depraved by the fall of our first parents, would be incapable of employing ease and leisure to any happy purposes. Greatly do we need constant employment to keep us out of the reach of those temptations from within and from without. that in idleness particularly assualt us: greatly do we need to have much of our minds taken up with perpetual attention to necessary business and hourly duty, that they may not prey too much upon themselves. Labour and pain are the necessary, though unpalatable medicine of our souls. Shall we refuse to follow the prescription of that heavenly Physician, who drank the bitterest cup for us? Toil and trouble are the just punishments of guilty human nature: shall we rebel against our awful Judge? Activity and employment are the law of our being: and shall we not obey our sovereign Ruler, our great and good Creator?

What then is my proper business and employment, that I may set diligently to it? In most stations of life, this is too evident to be asked: and it is equally certain, that every station, even the very highest, has its proper work and labour, which whoever performs not to the utmost of his power, is a wicked and slothful servant; for we have all a Master in Heaven.

Come, then, my heart, let us cheerfully set about

our business: be it study and improvement of the mind, toil of the body, or industry of the hands; be it care of our families, and domestic affairs; be it care of the public, and distribution of justice; be it care of our neighbours, and charity to the poor: be it education of children, instruction of the ignorant, attendance on the sick, culture of the ground, defence of our country: whatever it be. let usedo it diligently and heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men. As subjects, children, servants, let us obey our rulers, parents, masters; and if it be the will of Providence to disable us, for the present, from all active service, by confining us in chambers of sickness, in a weak and useless state, let us set the example of an uncomplaining submission and cheerful resignation; and let patience. at least, " have its perfect work."

This submissive, this humble, this obedient disposition, is poverty of spirit: we ought to think nothing beneath us, nor to desire any thing but what is allotted to us: we ought to imagine nothing our own, and surely, therefore, not our time: yet how apt are we to think it quite a hardship put upon us, if any small portion of it is to be spent disagreeably, and if we have not hours, and days, and years, to indulge in careless idleness and giddy pleasure!

Among other works, that of reforming my temper is surely a most necessary one: let me, therefore, take myself a little to task. How have I behaved the last day?

I have not, perhaps, been positively out of humour: but have I guarded my disposition against every failing? Have I not indulged a nice fancy, in taking some disgust at any of those that I converse with; which, trifling as it seems at present, may, in time, quite alienate our minds from one another? A disagreeable look or manner too often gives a prejudice against persons who are really deserving. -Let me be upon my guard against such prejudices: let me overlook all trifling infirmities in others; but let me spare them the pain and difficulty of having many such to overlook in me: let me observe, in everything, a perfect cleanliness and neatness: for nothing is so disgustful as the contrary: let me be mild and civil, moderate and discreet in all my ways of speaking: let my behaviour always be easy and obliging, natural and unaffected: let me always preserve, as much as I can, even under severe trials, a cheerful pleasing countenance : and, among other things, let me try to avoid, as much as possible, falling into those little foolish tricks and peculiarities, which every body is so apt to acquire, without even perceiving it: I cannot help seeing in others how disagreeable they are, though in them I ought as little as possible to attend to it. But let me watch myself a little, and discover, in order to reform whatever I may have in me that makes me less agreeable, and therefore less useful, in society.

WEDNESDAY.

On the humble and religious Enjoyment of the Blessings of Life.

"AND God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good."

Such was the face of things at the creation: every view that could be taken, was a view of order and beauty, of happiness and pleasure. Too soon, by the frailty and by the guilt of man, this happy state was changed; and through sin, death and misery entered into the world: every part of our world was affected by the general disorder: the earth produced thorns and thistles: the seasons became unfavourable: the beasts grew wild and savage: and hence sprung a necessity of labour and self-defence. Toil and weariness must be its natural consequence to bodies now become mortal and corruptible: pain and sickness, the infirmities of old age, the fear of death, and sufferings both for ourselves and our friends, with all that variety of evils that burthen human life :-- all are the sad effects of sin. The disorder of our minds, the vehemence of our passions, the dimness of our understandings, those tendencies to evil, which even

the best people, at some times, must feel strongly working in their bosoms, are the bitter fruits of the original corruption of human nature in the first of men, our common parent. Hence, surely, we should draw the strongest motives of humility, and throw ourselves down, in the deepest abasement of soul, before that God of holiness, in whose " sight the heavens are not pure, and who chargeth his angels with folly." "How much more man, which is a worm, and the son of man, which is a worm?" Unassisted human nature could not be in a more perfect state than our first parents were created; infinitely superior, certainly, to whatever we can imagine of good or excellent among ourselves: if they were such frail, such wretched creatures, and so soon forfeited their very beings-Good God! then what is the very best of us? "Let our confusion be ever before us:" "Let the shame of our face cover us." . ;

Strange it may seem, after these considerations, to mention a happy, and cheerful enjoyment of our being, as a serious and important duty. Many good persons, who have deeply dwelt on this dark view of our mortal state, have represented it as utterly unfit and sinful for such creatures, in such a world, to think of any thing but suffering and mourning: but as sure as our heavenly Father is good to all, and peculiarly so to us, his helpless new-adopted children, so surely they are widely mistaken. The blessed promise of our redemption was uttered in the same moment with the doom of our mortality, and from that moment all was good again: pain,

and suffering, and sorrow, became remedies to care our corrupted nature; temptations, but a purifying fire to prove and to refine our virtue; and death, a hind release from toil, a happy admission into a better paradise. Through our blessed Saviour, we have obtained the grace of God to guide us in all our ways, and to support us under all our distresses: through him, in him, we have every thing that can make us happy, unless we wilfully destroy ourselves. "Rejoice then in the Lord, all ye righteous; be thankful, all ye who are true of heart."

Serious and careful, indeed, we ought to be, watchful and diligent, humble and submissive; reflecting deeply on the frailty and vileness of our nature, and the important, the eternal interest, that depends on this our short, and very uncertain time of trial here: in this sense we ought to "work out our salvation with fear and trembling," and even to "rejoice before the Lord with reverence." But while we "keep innocence, and take heed to the thing that is right," let our cheerful hearts and looks confess the goodness of our gracious Master, who "gives us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness;" of him, who has made every thing good and pleasant; who has the tenderest consideration for all our infirmities, and has provided every support and every relief that can make our passage through this world tolerable and comfortable to us. With joyful gratitude, let us accept and improve these his mercies and indulgences: let us make this world as happy as we can to ourselves and one another: to do this, we need only be good Christians. Our wills being perfectly resigned. will acquiesce, without pain, in whatever disposals Providence may see fit to make of us and ours; and taking "no thought for to-morrow." we shall neither be tormented with vain schemes nor anxious lears: our desires being moderate, we shall pass maily and quietly through life: and no unruly pastions or vehement wishes will discomnose our seace: being free from private interests and selfish iews, we shall have no rivalries nor contests with or neighbours: being in perfect charity with all nen, we shall with all be easy, cheerful, friendly: a every thing studying to promote their good and appiness; and, in our turn, receiving from many of them offices of kindness; and from such as are mgrateful, receiving the greatest benefit of all, a toble opportunity to exercise those duties on which lod's forgiveness of ourselves depends. With pleaare and complacence-our heavenly Father looks lown on every society of his children united in notherly affection, and gives his blessing to every et of friends, and neighbours, and relations, that erform their mutual relative duties as they ought. and love and delight in one another. Every innoent entertainment, that keeps up the cheerfulness and kindness of society, he approves: "The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righcous." Our health can alone be preserved by temperance, calmpess, and industry. Industry too, nakes the world look beautiful around us: it turns he barren wilderness into a fertile pleasant land; and for thorns and thistles, plants the rose-tree sure in heaven.

Happiness, then, a great degree o power, even at present: but fools tl forfeit even present happiness for the every peevish, froward humour. Le myself a little on this. As much as am I not often guilty of this unacco Am I not readier to cherish unkind those I live amongst, than to put vourable interpretation upon ever incident? Am I not almost upon the offence at every trifling disregard? it beneath me ever to take the first reconciliation? Do I not make it a to keep up resentment, even thou How much happier are they, who world with an easy good humour; that any body means them ill, who and seriously hurt them; passing -looing themselves above

THURSDAY.

The Duty and Manner of being useful in Society.

"BLESSED are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." How greatly do we all of us need this blessing: poor guilty creatures, who are every day offending infinite goodness, and provoking almighty power and perfect justice! How then shall we be merciful as we ought? Can this duty be practised by any but the great, or the injuredin relieving the distressed, or in pardoning offenders? Yes, every one of us may practise it every day we live. It is a great mistake, to think there is no superiority but that which rank and fortune give: every one of us may, in something or other, assist or instruct some of his fellow-creatures; for the best of human race is poor and needy. and all have a mutual dependence on one another: there is no body that cannot do some good; and every body is bound to do diligently all the good he can. It is by no means enough to be rightly disposed, to be serious and religious in our closets: we must be useful too; and take care, that as we all reap numberless benefits from society, society may be the better for every one of us. It is a false. a faulty, and an indolent humility, that makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe that they are capable of doing much: for every body can do something: every body can set a good example, be it to many or to few: every body can, in some degree, encourage virtue and religion, and discountenance vice and folly: every body has some one or other whom he can advise. or instruct, or in some way help to guide through life. Those who are too poor to give alms, can vet give their time, their trouble, their assistance in preparing or forwarding the gifts of others: in considering and representing distressed cases to those who can relieve them; in visiting and comforting the sick and afflicted. Every body can offer up their prayers for those who need them, which, if they do reverently and sincerely, they will never be wanting in giving them every other assistance, that it should please God to put in their power: even those whose poor and toilsome life can admit of their giving no other help to society, can, by their frugality and industry, at least keep themselves, in a great measure, from being burthensome to the public: a penny thus saved, is a penny given. Dreadful state of those idle creatures, who, dragging on a wretched profligate life in laziness and rags, draw to themselves those charities, that ought to support the helpless and really disabled poor! Severely, I fear. shall they be accountable for it at the last day: and every one in proportion, who lives an useless and burthensome drone in society. It is our duty to prevent poverty, as well as to relieve it: it is our duty to relieve every other kind of distress, as well as the distress of poverty. People who are always innocently cheerful and good-humoured, are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all that live around them.

Thus for in general: but it is well worth considering, in particular, my own duties and obligations. Who are the people that I ought especially to study to make happy? Are they parents?-What a debt of gratitude do I owe them for all their care of me, and for me, in my helpless years? How kindly did they bear with the froward infirmities of my childhood; and shall not I, with most affectionate tenderness, support and relieve all those which years and cares bring upon them? My more active strength and vigour, my younger spirits and clearer thoughts, may now make me, in my turn, very helpful to them: if they are good people and good parents. I am sure this is my duty: if otherwise, I owe them one of still higher importance; I owe them the most earnest endeavours I can use, for the reformation of their faults, or instruction of their ignorance: this duty extends to all my relations, and to all from whom I have ever received any benefit, or any offices of friendship. If it is my misfortune that any of them should be bad people. though they have been good to me; or if any of those who are related to me are engaged in a wrong course of life, ought I to fly from them, and leave them to ruin? No; gratitude and affection forbid it. Ought I then to encourage vice, and flatter folly, if it happens among those that I love? This, my higher duty to Almighty God, to truth have the least chance of recommendary pray for and pity them; to reprove a them; to please and oblige them in eve innocently can.—But if, upon the who them irreclaimable, and myself in the leadanger of being infected by their example fly them as I would the plague; then to right hand, and pluck out a right eye, through every fondness and every attact would destroy my highest, my eterna No ties that subsist among human creates os strong, can be so dear, or ough indissoluble, as those which for ever bin Creator and Redecuer.

Next to the bonds of nature, are those Married persons are bound to the obs very sacred vows, and ought, therefor recollect them, and examine their condu Among other things, they should car they are ready to receive assistance and advice as kindly as to give it: whether they preserve a delicacy of behaviour, a neatness of appearance, a gentleness of manner, a mildness of speech; whether they enter kindly and affectionately into one another's interests and concerns.

Friends should consider what engagements they are entered into with each other, how strictly they are bound diligently to promote each other's welfare; to think of one another candidly and kindly; to overlook little offences; to bear infirmities; to repay kindnesses a thousand fold; to be watchful over each other's conduct; to be true, sincere, faithful, obliging, open, constant; and to have the generous courage of reproving and opposing each other's follies and faults.

All persons should consider to whom they are accountable for their time, their labour, the superfluity of their fortune; to masters, to friends, to society in general, to the deserving, or the helpless poor. Rich persons owe a due portion of their riches to works of charity and to the public; the great owe their protection to merit; and all people owe it to themselves, to improve every moment, and every opportunity, this life affords them.

Surely, while I am making these reflections, I cannot omit more literal debts, and more immediate duties. Do I owe money I am not able to pay? Let me retrench every superfluous expense, till my real debts are paid: let me work and labour

me in nothing white, it teache to fulfil them. Happy if it teache to be more cautious for the future

FRIDAY.

On the Happiness of the present State, and the Selfdenial required in it.

"BLESSED are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Alas, does it not seem from this, and many other passages of Scripture, worthy of all observance and of all acceptation, as if it was our bounden duty in this world to lead a melancholy. wretched, uncomfortable life? And can this, indeed, be the will of him who delighteth in mercy: who filleth our hearts with food and gladness; and has, in not a few places, expressly commanded us to "rejoice evermore?" Is there, then, an inconsistency in the duties of religion? God forbid! Yet, short-sighted men, capable of taking into one view but a part of the vast and perfectly consistent scheme of duty, and guided too generally by passion or weakness, are perpetually acting as if this was the case. Some free spirits there are, who throw off all lawful restraint; and fully satisfied with themselves if they keep within the widest bounds of what is just allowable, indulge without caution In every thing they think so: their whole time is given up to mirth and jollity: their whole fortunes.

perhaps, are spent upon themselves, without any regard to the calls of charity or duty. Jollily they go on in life, till some unforeseen misfortune stops them short, and throws a deep gloom over their sunny landscape.

Another sort of people, much to be esteemed and greatly to be pitied, are scrupulous about every thing, and, frighted by misapprehensions of sense alarming texts, dare not allow themselves in the most innocent conveniences and most harmless, and, or many accounts, useful and commendable pleasure their minds are so truly plous, that they are fairfrom deliberately thinking of the infinitely great and good God as a hard and rigid master; but the act with such a slavish fear, as must needs make those who are less well-disposed, frame such hor ridly false imaginations of him: and their well meant strictness has the most dangerous tendencing the world.

Between these two extremes, undoubtedly, lie the plain path of duty; the narrow but not thorn road, that leads through the truest comfort this hi can afford, to everlasting happiness in a better.

The natural enjoyments of life are dispensed to by a gracious Providence, to mitigate its nature evils, and make our passage through it not on supportable, but, at fit times and seasons, so fi pleasant, as to make us go on with vigour, cheer fulness, and gratitude; and to give us some kine of earnest of what we are bid to hope hereafter

some kind of faint notion what happiness is; some sensible assurances, that there really is such a thing, though not to be, in any high degree, enjoyed on this side of the grave. Still it is a yet more merciful dispensation of the same fatherly care. that nain and imperfection, satiety and disappointment, should be so mixed up with all our best enjoyments in this low state of being, as to turn our chief aim and desire towards heaven. And let us not fear, unless we wilfully and madly throw ourselves into a giddy round of pleasures, on purpose to be intoxicated by them. Providence will mercifully interpose in the fullest tide of innocent prosperity, and make us, by some means or other. feel an emptiness and dissatisfaction in the best this world can give: especially may this be hoped by those who take care to keep their minds always open to such serious thoughts and right impressions as will perpetually present themselves, if not rejected; and who reserve some leisure time in every day for reading and reflecting.

Our Maker knows so well the weakness of our frame, that he hath not left it to us to inflict upon ourselves, merely by way of punishment, such sufferings as he sees it necessary for us to undergo: that task would be so hard a one, that he would by no means impose it upon us. No: he will take care himself, that we shall unavoidably feel and experience a great deal of that evil which sin introduced into the world; and all he requires of us, is to support it as we ought. He requires

nothing contrary to reason, and the innocent inclinations of nature: if any of his laws appear harsh and difficult, it is from their opposition to our acquired habits, our prejudices, and corruptions. To forgive injuries, to return good for evil, to live peaceably with all men, to be always mild, obliging, and good humoured, to be kind and patient, charitable and industrious, temperate, sober, and modest-these are no grievous laws to a pure and well-tuned mind: nor can its genuine dictates be better complied with, than by observing them. Still they will be a very grievous restraint on the licentiousness of our corrupted wills, our heightened passions, and indulged imaginations. To be continually attentive to our conduct in every minute instance; to set a watch before our mouth, and keep the door of our line; to set scourges over our thoughts, and the discipline of wisdom over our hearts-requires a soberness of mind, a diligence, a resolute adherence to duty, that may undoubtedly deserve the name of self-denial and mortification: though, in effect, nothing so certainly ensures our happiness, both here and hereafter. To think we can do this by our own strength, would be presumptuous and vain. Tell a man, helpless with the palsy, that perfect health is his natural and eligible state; convince him ever so clearly how happy it would be for him to become active and industrious-your eloquence is mockery, and will not help him to the use of a single limb. But though we daily confess that we have "no health in us," he who did actually say to the sick of the palsy, "Arise, take up

thy bed, and walk," and was immediately obeyed, can effectually relieve our still more helpless state. To this sovereign Physician we can apply for help, and by the aid he imparts, are enabled to follow the regimen he enjoins; and thus to "go on from strength to strength, till unto the God of Gods shall appear every one in Sion."

Though our comfortable passage through this life, and the attainment of unspeakable blessedness in another, are the allowed, the necessary, the enjoined objects of our pursuit, yet still, in a great degree, we are to renounce ourselves. By sincere humility we are to consider the vileness and wretchedness of our natural state; we are to acknowledge, that of ourselves we are able to do nothing as we ought; and, far from indulging any thoughts of vanity or self-complacence, we are, when we have done our very best, to confess, with unfeigned lowliness, that we are unprofitable servants: we are to trust and hope alone in the merits and intercession of our blessed Redeemer: and to own ourselves " less than the least of God's mercies." As his creatures, we are to direct all our thoughts and actions to his honour and service. "Whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we are to do all to the glory of God." In every thing we are to consider carefully the rule of duty; not acrupulously or superstitiously, for that tends to the dishonour of God and religion, as well as our own discomfort: we are never to do any thing for so low an end, as merely to gratify our own childish humour; but in all cases, to moderate and guide ourselves by the rules of reason and religion. Thus, even in using the necessary refreshments, the easy amusements, and innocent pleasures of life, we are to behave with a due sense of that God who is every where present: we are to look up to him with thankfulness, as the bountiful Bestower of all good, and cheerfully accept these indulgences for the ends to which he has appointed them; food, to restore our strength, wasted in active service, to preserve our health and ease: sleep, to renew our wearied spirits; pleasure, to gladden our hearts. and fill them with pious gratitude and filial love. This cuts off at once all that intemperance, that crosses those good purposes, destroys our health, distresses our hearts, makes our lives sluggish and useless, and dissipates or corrupts our minds, Riches and honours, also, are to be received with thanksgiving by whomsoever Providence allots them to; but then they are to be diligently, and carefully, and generously employed in the best purposes: and even the richest and the greatest ought to deny themselves all indulgences of mere humour and fancy, how well soever they may seem able to afford it, and kindly and faithfully consider the more pressing wants of their distressed fellowcreatures. To answer the purposes of charity, the rich must be frugal, and the poor industrious; and all give freely and discreetly, as proper calls require. Everybody, in their turns, to maintain the peace of society and Christian concord, must repress the little risings of temper, and fretfulness of humour; must be ready to forgive and forget, to indulge and overlook.

It is endless to go on enumerating instances, in which the just, the necessary adherence to our duty, requires us to deny our sinful selves. Our cowardice, our false shame, our vanity, our weakness and irresolution, our fondness and partial affection, our indolence and love of ease-these. and numberless infirmities more, must be struggled with, and conquered, when we are called out to encounter dangers: to confess our Saviour before men; to withstand the strong torrent of custom and fashion, of importunity and ill example; to turn a deaf ear to flattery, or candidly acknowledge our errors; to resist solicitations; to give righteous judgment; to forget all our private relations and attachments, where justice or public good are concerned: to resign our dearest enjoyments, when it is the will of God we should; to check our sorrows in their fullest flow; and to go on indefatigably improving ourselves, and doing good to others. till the night overtakes us, " in which no man can work."

The sufferings which it shall please Almighty God to inflict upon us, we are to accept with humble resignation, acknowledging his justice, and submiting to it without a murmur. Thus patiently also we are to receive all the lesser crosses he sees fit to lay upon us; nor ever suffer ourselves to fret or repine at the various infirmities of human nature

in ourselves or others. All these we must look upon as parts of that penalty justly inflicted on our first parents' guilt: and heartily thank him, that he does not, according to the terrifying notions of popery, either expect us to inflict them on ourselves, or give us the dreadful alternative of a pargatory after death. Uncommanded severities, that are of no apparent use, but to torment ourselves, and sour our natures, and shorten our lives, can never be acceptable to our gracious Maker. Our blessed Saviour, when he mentions fasting as a duty, along with prayer and almsgiving, leaves the frequency and strictness of it to our own discretion; and only insists upon one circumstance, which is, that we should avoid in it all hypocrisy and ostentation, and be careful to keep up all ease, good humour, and agreeableness of behaviour. There are very proper occasions for exercising this duty, without the least superstition or moroseness, and where it may tend to the best purposes. Public calamities, private distresses or temptations, perplexities and difficulties, times of peculiarly solemn devotion, and of resolutely endeavouring to conquer such obstinate faults and ill habits, as, like the dumb spirit in the Gospel, can "come out only by prayer and fasting." But where it makes us appear stiff and disagreeable, interferes with the innocent cheerfulness of society, or may influence our health or temper in any wrong way, in such cases it becomes a hurtful superstition, and as such unallow-To observe the public fasts appointed by authority, in a manner suited to every person's

th and ability, with decency and reverence, are none of these evil consequences: and the ce of this duty, at fit times, and in a reason-egree, is an excellent remembrancer of the tedness of being attached to any sensual graons, and the easiness, as well as necessity, these, to forbear them.

SATURDAY.

The Importance of Time in relation to Eternity.

ANOTHER week is past; another of those little limited portions of time, which number out my life. Let me stop a little here, before I enter upon a new one, and consider what this life is, which is thus imperceptibly stealing away, and whither it is conducting me. What is its end and aim, its good and its evil, its use and improvement? What place does it fill in the universe? What proportion does it bear to eternity?

This mortal life is the beginning of existence to beings made for immortality, and graciously designed, unless by wilful guilt they forfeit it, for everlasting happiness. Compared with eternity, its longest duration is less than a moment; therefore its good and evil, considered without a regard to the influence they may have on an eternity to come, must be trifling to a degree below contempt. The short scene, begun in birth, and closed by death, is acted over millions of times, in every age; and all the little concerns of mortality are pursued, transacted, and forgotten, like the labours of a bee-hive, or the bustle of an ant-hill. The thing which hath

been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." Our wisdom, therefore, is to pass through this busy dream as calmly as we can, and not suffer ourselves to be more deeply attached to any of these transitory things, than the momentariness and unimportance of them deserves.

But considering this short life as a probation for eternity, as a trial whose issue is to determine our everlasting state; its importance to ourselves appears beyond expression great, and fills a right mind with equal awe and transport. The important day will come, when there shall be a new thing indeed, but not "under the sun:" for "heaven and earth shall pass away;" but the words of him, who created them, "shall not pass away."

What then is the good or the evil of life, but as it has a tendency to prepare or unfit us for that decisive day, when "the Son of man shall come in the clouds with great power and great glory, and shall send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds?"—that Son of man, who is the Son of God, "blessed for evermore," and once before came down from heaven, and took upon him this our mortal nature, with all its innocent infirmities and sufferings; and subjected himself even to the death of the cross, that he might redeem us from all our sins, and obtain the gift of everlasting life for all who should not wilfully frustrate this last and greatest effort of divine mercy.

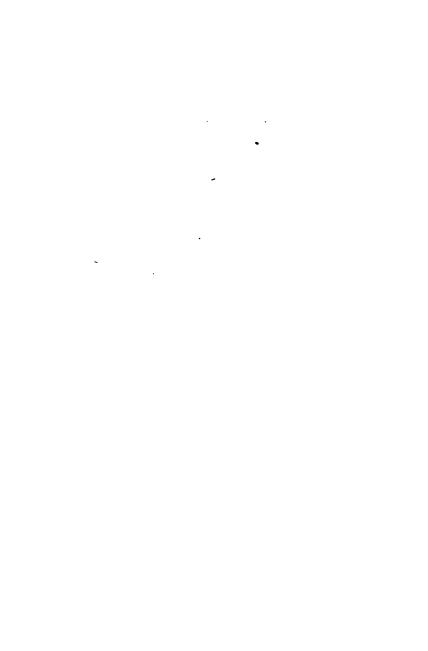
self for us, whose " your is a light?" In whom should we the truth? In whom should we che infinite goodness? Whom she him, who was made like unto a only excepted, and has left us a should "follow his steps?" W fully to the utmost of our pow so assist us, that in the end we is, to behold his glory, and part

Let me think then, and thinl employed this week past. He deviated from the path that lest time been improved or lost, or spent? If the last, let me us redeem it. Have I spent a discontion and piety

in good part? Have I been honest, upright, lisinterested? Have I, in my way, and accordmy station and calling, been diligent, frugal, ous, and industrious to do good? Have I, l my behaviour, consulted the happiness and of those I live with, and of all who have any idence upon me? Have I preserved my underling clear, my temper calm, my spirits cheerny body temperate and healthy, and my heart right frame? If to all these questions I can oly, yet confidently answer, that I have done est; if I have truly repented all the faulty past, nade humble, yet firm, and vigorous, and deate resolutions for the future; poor as it is, onest endeavour will be graciously accepted; may to-morrow gladly and securely approach acred table, and partake of that bread of life, our blessed Saviour gave, to nourish to all less those who receive it worthily, and to be only the means of grace, but the pledge of Amen.

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DIALOGUES.



DIALOGUES.

I.

Description of a meral, but not gloomy Retirement.

- "My dear friend Imagination, what place will you allot for my winter's habitation, when I have a mind to retire from the hurry of the town, and review the actions of every passing day?"
- "A little hermitage, on the eastern side of the highest mountain, in the kingdom of Katascopia."
- "Order a set of ideas to be put to your rapid chariot, and transport me thither as soon as you please; for I am already charmed with the proposal."
- "A winding path leads you by an imperceptible ascent, through groves of laurels, bays, pines,
 - * Contemplation.

LANIES.

ll kinds of beautiful ides of the mountains rtment cut out in the ssisting of two rooms. ough an arch, hew whose only ornament almost entirely over icicles, which winte ts surface. The onl gh this arch; and th answerable to that overed with a kind d a couch of the san the right side, at tl able, with the hermi ull, an hour-glass, a the cave is a telescon iall door opens into rmed to indulge l pposite to the entra of a serious and mo le of the room. A two chairs of the sas where a cheerful w Near the fire is pla t, more for convenie are covered with a w ems to spread its b

s retirement to my we see too gloomy for a chere are many hour

which the solemnity of the outward cell, with the moon shining into it, and faintly gleaming on its melancholy furniture, would suit my turn of thought better than the brightest sun, glittering on the rayest scenes."

- "I have not yet mentioned to you the most agreeable circumstance of the outward cell, its delightful and extensive view."
- "Is not that obstructed by the groves of evergreens, through which you ascend to this seat of calm wisdom?"
- "It is placed high enough for the spectator to look over their venerable tops, and see the current of life, a wide extended ocean, gliding swiftly along, at the foot of the mountain. Beyond it, but half concealed in woods, lie the happy islands, and the bienk and doleful regions, where all that infulte number of barks, that cover this immense ocean, sooper or later dislodge their weary passengers. The observations you will make, from this eminence, on the course of the sea, the various rocks and whirlpools that make its passage dangerous. the conduct of the pilots, and the behaviour of the passengers, will give you important instructions for the guidance of your own bark. You may even see your own; and, by a timely observance, avoid every danger that threatens it, and improve every favourable gale to the best advantage."

II.

Inquiry how far Practice has kept pace with Intention.

- " WHAT have you done this summer?"
 - "Rode, and laughed, and fretted."
 - "What did you intend to do?"
- "To learn geography, mathematics, decimal fractions, and good humour; to work a screen, draw copies of two or three fine prints, and read abundance of history; to improve my memory, and restrain my fancy; to lay out my time to the best advantage; to be happy myself, and make every body else so; to read Voltaire's Newton, Whiston's Euclid, and Tillotson's Sermons."
 - " Have you read nothing?"
- "Yes; some of the Sermons, Mrs. Rowe's Works, the Tale of a Tub, a book of Dr. Watts's; L'Histoire du Ciel, Milton, and abundance of plays and idle books."

- "Do you remember nothing of your geography?"
- " Not so much as what belongs to England."
- " Mathematics"
- "Turn my head."-
- " And what is your fine head good for?"
- "To wear a pair of Brussels lappets, or spin out extravagant imaginations and fancies."
 - " How does your arithmetic go on?"
- "I have bought one of the best books on the subject."
 - " And studied it?"
 - "O no; I have not read a page in it."
- "This is the way, too, in which you study natural history?"
- "Yes; I have bought Reaumur's works, and set them on my shelves."
 - "Well; but are you good humoured?"
- "O yes; mightily so, when I am pleased and entertained."

your temper?"

" Very tolerably, as the world g

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- " And do not you think yourself
- "I do not think, what is commo so terrible a thing as it is generall
 - " What do you mean by this?"
- "I mean, that if it were possible be as well acquainted with their or least, as with those of other perm fore, ought to know their good q as their faules."
- "This, in itself, is not vanity; b path to it."

leading your eye through barren moors, dreary caverns, and frightful precipices—which do you think you should spend most time in looking at?"

- "The answer is a very clear one: if I had no interest in either of the views, I should admire the fine landscape, and, perhaps, take a copy of it."
- "Well, but suppose them both in your own estate. You seem to think that would make some difference in your way of proceeding."
- "Yes, to be sure, a very great one. In that case I should spend the greatest part of my time in considering by what methods I could level the precipices, render the barren heaths fruitful, and make that part of my estate as useful and delightful as the other; but still it would be necessary to observe the other prospect, for this very purpose of imitating it."
- "If you had not added this last reason for looking at the gay aide of the view, you had proved, what was far from your intention; that it is our faults, and not our perfections, which ought to claim our attention."
- "There are twenty reasons for this, besides that which I mentioned. To continue your allegory: with what spirit do you think it would be possible for a man to set about so difficult a work, as those improvements must be, if he did not know that he

score of less weight. However, ye another."

"There is no need of it. I am so man ought to know the true value of sesses, both that he may enjoy it wi tude to the giver, and that he may care to preserve it, at least, and, perhal it still farther. But when this is graallow me, that it is very disagreeable; to be always boasting of the greatness and the magnificence of his palaces."

"Most certainly. Nor is it less disg a man, who is well known to all the a very considerable fortune, always co his poverty, and, under a feigned h cealing the most hateful pride."

"So that, upon the whole all aver-

ours, but has been the allowed and wise precept of all ages."*

- "That does not make it at all the less valuable to us. Do not you think, we should be much happier in being able to follow the maxim, than in being able to give it?"
 - "I should wish to be capable of both,"
 - "Pray, my dear, how old are you?"
 - " Eighteen, last May."
- "You have lived eighteen years in the world, you say: pray, may I inquire what you have done in all that time?"
- "My life has not, as yet, been one of much action. I have been chiefly employed in laying in provision of knowledge and sentiments, for future years."
- "Well: shall I examine your magazine? you will have occasion for it all, and ought to have it chosen with the utmost care."
- "Which will you look into first, my heart or my memory? Here are the keys of both."
 - "Your memory is next at hand. It is a pretty
 - Virtus est medium vitiorum, et utrimque reductum.
 Hor. Lib. i. Epist. 18.

"Fragments of all sorts and ki it is like a museum: there are so in it, but they are almost hid a —I need look no further. I per your memory is so idly filled, giving wise maxims, is a very we conclude, my dear, with advish well contented, if you can but for people."

III.

Danger of too much Prosperity, without the Assistance of real Friends.

- "Come to my assistance, my friend, my adviser. I feel myself oppressed and low-spirited, to the greatest degree; all my thoughts have a disagreeable turn; my employments seem burthensonie, and my amusements insipid. A moment's serious conversation with you seems the only thing that is likely to give me relief."
- "I should little have thought, that your situation in life required relief, or wanted any assistance, to make you sensible of its agreeableness."
- "I know that I have every reason, except that which arises from merit, to think myself the happiest creature in the world; and nobody can be more fully and more gratefully sensible of it than I am: nor is it my reason that complains."
- "It is not then your situation in life, that sinks your spirits?"
- 5 It is the very situation that answers Cowley's

"In this respect, you knowever so remarkably happy a ever, I believe, the advantag amples of affectionate care, go sense and goodness. I feel article to express it at all we flow in so fast, that I cannot But I was going to add, that his advantage so much as temper might, perhaps inser ample, if fortune had throhowever that be, of this I are a mind so helpless, so district it had been left in this guides, who possess all my

"Is it bad health, then, ing the happiness that se steps?"

this so seriously, that I believe I scarce ever had a fever or cough in my life, that did not occasion me more pleasure than uneasiness; and the hours of retirement they have afforded me, are none of the least obligations which I have to them." On the Danger and

"WHAT is vanity?"

"Ask your own he

"And is it very blan

"It destroys all the good, and all the grace o

"But may not one le

"According as the co

"Methinks, now, it w self-sufficient, as not to and wise people, to mal lease every body, without exception, so far as it nay innocently be done."

- "Yet favour, you know, is deceitful.—And so far or trifles, and in things most important, remember he strict and solemn charge, that we do not our rood actions before men, to be seen of them."
- "Yet we are as strictly charged to let our light hine before them, and to set them a good example or the honour of religion."
- "Most true. The golden medium must be found, itee as it is to hit; our highest interest, our all, lepends upon it. If praise be our aim, praise, the our praise of wretched men, shall be our barren eward. Yet if timorously we hide our one talent n a napkin, even that shall be taken away from us."
- "How dreadful the thoughts of missing that only approbation, which it should be the business of our life to deserve! No natural desire of the friend-hip and good-will of our fellow-creatures can stand in competition with that fear."
- "Happy the cloistered life, where the world is quite shut out, and piety and virtue are exercised in solitude and silence, without any visible eye to observe them!"
- "That sure is an extreme, the extreme of the buried talent. Let me tell you what I think must be the only rule to go by."

- "How! never examine my commy follies to account?"
- "Yes: but have you never read virtues) of 'forgetting the things and ever pressing forward?"
- "Well: yet in an hour of sicknes tress, may no glad hope from the having always acted from a sincer however imperfectly pursued, cas athwart the gloom?"
- "The comforts of a good consc There is in them an *important* dials, in the day of health, are p
 - "Then be particular : what is
 - "Whatever the exigence of

whenever that is a matter of choice: but as this is, in many cases, quite impossible, do, as quietly as you can, all the good that is incumbent on you; that is, all the good you are capable of in your station, and without interfering where you absolutely ought not to interfere. If you meet with commendation for it, be, if possible, so much the more humble; as knowing those seeds of vanity to be in you, that may, upon the slightest praise, have such a sad effect, as to render the best you have done less than nothing."

- "Alas, it is terrifying to consider how many persons have fallen from not inconsiderable advancement in goodness, through mere presumption and self-opinion! and yet can one help wishing to please?"
- "No, certainly; there would be something savage in a contrary disposition: but then, look to it, that this desire be free from vanity: it may be quite so."
- "Can it be without some self-complacence in its gratification?"
- "It cannot be without some sense of pleasure; but from what? Self, in every one of us human creatures, is the wretchedest, the poorest of beings. The pleasure results from a grateful reflection on the fulness and bounty of that gracious Being, whose gift alone is every thing that can give us delight, with every capacity of tasting it."

with we?"

- " I think so indeed."
- "But what say you to the du example, and contributing, so for can, to keep virtue and religion
- "It is surely a very important a daily, hourly guard over the ! secret vanity poisons the good i
- "And what is to be said o mour, easy behaviour, and er ourselves agreeable?"
- Let but your whole beh

"But tell me; is it possible to see one's self in the right, and another in the wrong, without feeling a little superiority?"

44 Yes; if you will consider the matter a little coolly over, you will see it to be very possible to adhere to your own better judgment, without the least triumph, and indeed, with the truest humility."

"Instruct me, I beseech you."

"Consider, first, this very inclination to be overpleased, is a very dangerous weakness; one that you are ashamed to own; since any expressions of self-esteem are contrary to all rules of true politeness: and true politeness has its foundation in the nature of things. Therefore, whenever you feel any sentiment that you should be ashamed to express, be assured that you ought equally to be ashamed of indulging it in silence. The first emotions of the mind are, indeed, in some measure, involuntary: the giving encouragement to them is all for which we shall be accountable, and the thought may very commendably pass through the mind, that becomes faulty if it dwells there. * Selfanclause of any thing ever so praise-worthy, is like Oroheus conducting Eurydice : it must needs acenmount it: but if the pleasure of looking back and

> Evil into the mind of God or man May come and go, so unapproved, and leave No spot or blame behind.

> > Per, Last, Book w.

admiring be indulged, the fair frail object vanish into nothing."

- "So, while you take breath after that simile, me ask a few more questions."
- "I have not done with the last yet: you will s how can we be even the more humble for see other people's faults?"
 - " Not improbably."
- "Why, are we not partakers of the self-sa erring nature? Are not we as liable to err they?"
- "No: surely there is a difference between go and bad, knowing and ignorant, prudent a rash."
- . "Is there? Well, what do you imagine, the of our first parents, formed in the highest perfect of uncorrupted nature, conversant daily with lestial visitors, and by them instructed?"
- "I see your inference, and it is strictly just.—T fell.—What then are we? Yet we, in this bles period of the world, in this its last two thous years, have higher advantages, and surer suppo and stronger assistances."
- "Most true: but are these to make us vair to make us humble?"

- "Humble, I own it. We have nothing we can call our own; nothing that pride and self-conceit may not forfeit: and the greater our advantages, the more terrifying is the possibility of losing them."
- "Reflect, in every history you read, what impression it leaves on you of the gross of mankind: then think, all these passions, all these weaknesses, are originally, more or less, in every one of us. If you were still liable to the infection of the small-pox, and were hourly exposed to it in a town where it raged among almost all the inhabitants; with what kind of sentiments should you see them labouring under all its dreadful circumstances, and what kind of triumph and self-approbation should you feel from your own high health and smooth complexion?"
- "I should only, with fear and trembling, double my caution to preserve them, if possible."
- "And were you safe got through the illness, how strong would be your sympathy with those yet suffering?"
- "Yet, might I not, and ought I not, to prescribe to them such methods of cure, or even of present relief and ease, as I had experienced to be most successful?"
- "Yes; but would the praise be yours or your physician's?"
 - "All characters upon record are not thus ter-

scarcely follow them, is, surely, and weak creatures of short sight mortifying enough."

"You teach me the best lesson ed from history, a deep, a practic humility. Society, with all its vateach the same; and all those a vanity engross us, minister so ab vanity engross us, minister so ab conceit, contempt, disdain, and ention of the heart, will, if humility I heighten in us every right affect will overflow with gratitude to our factor, and pour themselves out in the desires of his continual assistance they will melt with the kindest coor erring fellow-creatures; and the

r, fault, or folly, the more humbled we at the thought, (which, in general, is a t, though we are blind, perhaps, as to lars) that however right we are in this n some others, too probably in very s, we are quite as much in the wrong as the despise and blame. Error is just as as in them: if our sense of it be a glier still and more unpardonable: and any have fallen themselves into the very most violently condemned."

as is all this t Let me add to it a thought my rises to my mind, or rather a whole

e, the subject is inexhaustible; but our sow, was limited, and the clock is just

On the Nature of human

Lisaura was complaining one chappiness was no where to be you contrive," said he, "to easy, so constantly contente amce; when I am convinced, t you must have some lurking d concealed uneasiness, that sec nom over your enjoyments?"

"It is true," said Paulina, "extraordinary, and my life has thousand accidents, that, reason would make my happiness appe But pr'ythee, Lisaura, how do it, who, I am persuaded, kno story, and are young enough

youth, in all the ease of situation imaginable, I still perceive a discontent that preys upon my heart. Sometimes I am anxious for the long futurity even of common life, that lies before me; that lies, like a wild, unknown, and barren plain, wrapped up in the thick fogs of uncertainty. Sometimes I lose myself in melancholy reflections on the past: my cares and attentions, which then so busily engaged me, seem now such a heap of impertinences and follies, that I sicken at them, and at myself; and, then, what a strong presumption do they give one, even against those of the present hour! That present hour, how vain is it, how uneasy, what a very trifle will entirely sour it! With all this, any body, that considered my situation in life, would pronounce me happy. How then can I be secure of the happiness of any other person ?"

- "Shall I tell you," answered Paulina, "why you are not sure of your own?"
- · "O, most willingly," cried Lisaura.
- "Well, then," resumed Paulina—" but come, my dear, tell me a little of the assembly you were at last week."
- . "The transition is a little hasty," said Lisaura, smiling.
- : " No matter for that; you will lose nothing by it

in the end: perhaps I may give you a more stadied discourse in the afternoon."

- "Well, then, what can I tell you, but that I was fatigued to the greatest degree; and, after long expectation, and five hours' vain pursuit of amusement, came home at last utterly dissatisfied."
- "Amusement! That is a very general word: in what shape did you think that it was to appear to you?"

Lisaura coloured, and Paulina went on.

- "Your mistake, dear Lisaura, in life, is the very same that it was in this assembly, and will lead you into the same dissatisfied satiety. You, not you only, but most young people, form to yourself a general and vague idea of happiness, which, because it is uncertain in its being, is as variable as your temper; so that, whenever you meet with any thing that does not exactly suit the present humour, you imagine you have missed of happiness; and so, indeed, you have, but quite in a different way. The perfect idea of happiness belongs to another world; as such it is always to be kept in view; and therein consists the point of human affairs can alter.
- "But human happiness has, separate from this, a

l existence, and has distinguishing characof its own: one of these is imperfection;
cessary one it is to be known. Our busithis world, was not to sit down and be;
but to rub on, through many difficulties
sigh many duties, with just accommodasigh to support us among them, in a cheerof mind; such a cheerful and easy frame
as is at all times disposed to relish the
of nature and the comforts of society,
ot enough attached to them to make the
lifficult.

rm any other notion of happiness than this, that will punish itself. Duty excepted, all rns of human life are of slight importance; n once we have possessed our minds of that those mysterious phantoms that gave us anxiety, will immediately disappear the of the world, figure, obscurity, poverty; mtempt, fear, pain, affliction, will appear mentary concerns, and therefore little g hours of serious thought: yet all these e worth so much, that, just as far as ects us, it is matter of duty to pursue or But when choice has nothing to it is every thing. Content, did I say? [we added, gratitude; for much, indeed, even of this world deserves. For that, [will refer you to Dr. Barrow: he lies table, above stairs; and has something le so sweet, so strong, and animated,

very good judges call h
and I have felt a secre
to this noble orator,
liar expressions, which
tion seems to call in
warmed me with se
what Longinus says of
well face the dazzling
the force of his eloqu
run on! You were teac
the lesson. I have don

"I will tell you, the to me. Convinced by r evils of life are mere with resignation to sub to support them. To strength, you must cal a leisure hour, of man an earnest resolution.

stitution; a day's slight disorder, a heavier temperament of the air, immediately affects you so, as to alter, to your fancy, the whole frame of na-Fix it well in your mind that these gloomy imaginations are deceitful: the bountiful Creator was not mistaken, when, pleased with his completed work, he declared, that " all was good." The scheme of providence and nature is infinitely so: and its contemplation is an inexhaustible source of delight. Life has its gloomy scenes: but to the good, they only prove an awful exercise of duty, supported all the while by the assurance of reward: life has its cheerful moments too, which, to the good, no sorrow can embitter. Thus, whilst the pleasures of religion, of benevolence, of friendship, of content, of gratitude, of every innocent gaiety, of free society, of lively mirth, of health, and all those infinite objects of delight which smiling nature offers us; whilst these are real and substantial enjoyments—that ill, which we might fear from the deprivation of some of them, and even of life itself, is proved to be a mere imaginary terror. This we have numberless opportunities of knowing: but blinded by passion, or weakened by constitution, we perpetually run into the common mistake: we form to ourselves such a false idea of human happiness, that when we might behold and be favoured by the goddess herself, we fly from her in a fright, because she is not adorned just with those trappings in which our fancy had dressed her out. Restless, we still shift from place to place, to find what we do not know when we see sense direct your practice."

OCCASIONAL THOUGHT



OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS.

CALKING over idle vexations only makes them worse.

Every day should be single, unconnected with the rest, and so bear only the weight of its own rexations.

Never make a group of them, nor look backwards or forwards on a series of disagreeable days; but be always content to make the best of the present.

Every day try to do what you can, and try in sarnest, and with spirit. Scorn to be discouraged; and if one scheme fails, form another, as fast as a spider does webs. But never be anxious or uneasy; and if the day be very unpropitious, and nothing will do, even be contented, and easy, and cheerful, as having done the best you could: for perpetually trying and aiming to do proper things keeps up the spirit of action, which is the important point, and preserves you from the danger of falling into heart-

less indolence, to the full as well as if you rea did them; and as for the particular things the selves, it is not a pin matter. But always carry easy smiling look, and take nothing to heart.

There is scarcely any thing which a sincere deavour, directed by the hearty conviction of r duty, will not in time accomplish; since an end vour so directed, will be accompanied by per vering humble prayer; and to persevering prajoined with sincere endeavours, success is infalli aromised.

Considering life in its great and important vi as the probation for a passage to eternity—and i is the just and true way of considering it—of w signification is it, whether it be passed in town country, in hurry or in retirement, in pomp gaiety, or in quiet-obscurity? Of none, any fart than as these different situations hurt or impithe mind: and in either of them, a right mind: preserve, or even improve itself.

What is then of consequence? Why, that we ver, or however life is past, it should be reason and happily: now to this nothing is necessary a true practical sense of religion, an easy a humour, cheerful indifference to trifles of all ki whether agreeable or vexatious; and keeping o self above them all, suitably to the true dignit an immortal nature.

Now in a quiet private life one certainly ma

reasonable, religious, friendly, good-humoured, and consequently happy.

In great life one may be thus good too, and very useful besides, and consequently very happy also. But this way of life is more dangerous, and has too strong a tendency to dissipate the mind and depraye the heart.

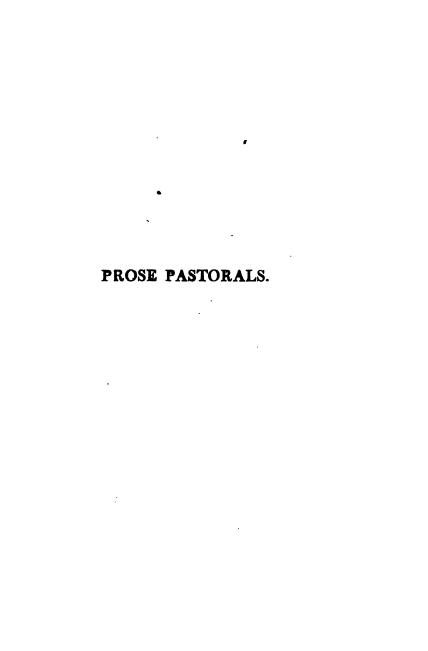
Upon the whole, every state of life is equal. Providence orders all; and therefore, in every one, those who cheerfully and resignedly accommodate themselves to its orders, may and must be happy. Why then this vain care and anxiety about what it does not belong to us to look forward to? The good and evil, and the right improvement of the present day, is what it is our business to attend so. If we make the best of that, we are sure all will see make the best of that, we are sure all will distrust and useless foresight, out of a right temper to-day, every to-morrow will be the worse for it.

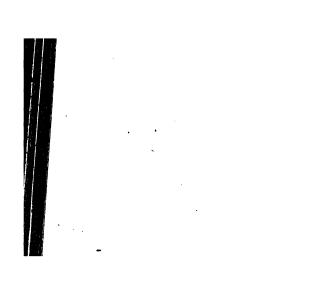
We had need often perpetually to be recollecting what are our duties and our dangers, that we may fulfil the one, and avoid the other; but never with anxious or uneasy forecast. We must consider the difficulties of the state of life we are likely to be in, not because every other state of life has not as many, for all are pretty equal; but because those peculiarly belong to us.

Dwelling much in our thoughts on other people's unreasonableness, is a sort of revenge, that, like all other revenge, hurts ourselves more than them. However, to talk over things sometimes a little reasonably, and see how the truth stands, is a very allowable indulgence; but it must not be allowed too often.

Trying to convince people in cases where they are prejudiced, though ever so unreasonably, be it by temper, humour, or custom, is a vain and an idle attempt. One should be satisfied, if one can, quietly and unperceived; overrule those prejudices, where it is necessary in practice; and not aim at the poor triumph of showing them that they are in the wrong, which hurts, or puts them out of humour.

It is mere cheating one's self to take things easily and patiently at the time, and then repine and complain in looking back upon them. This is to enjoy all the pride and self-applause of patience, and all the indulgence of impatience.





PROSE PASTORALS.

I.

Enquiry into the Happiness or Misery of a Shepherd's Life.

THE sun was hid by wintry clouds; the wind blew sharp and cold; the flocks were browzing on the heath; when Colin and Thyrsis, two young shepherds, who kept them, sat down upon a bank beneath the shelter of a holly bush, and fell into much discourse. "Methinks," said Thyrsis, "it is but a sad life that we poor wretches lead, exposed at all times to the severities of the weather; in summer parched with heat, and pinched by frosts in winter. While other young people are diverting themselves in the villages, we roam about solitary here, on the wild common, and have nothing to attend to, but our straggling sheep,"

"And yet," answered Colin, "as hard as our life is, you see how old Alcmon loves it, who has fed his E 2

own flocks for fifty years, and maintains that h happier than a king."

- "I am," replied Thyrsis, "but newly come i this country, and have little knowledge of the nei houring shepherds; but I should be glad to one who could convince me I was happy."
- "See then," said Colin, "where Alcmon conhither most opportunely." And thereupon call to the good old man, "Father," cried he, "I is a young shepherd, who wants your instruction how to live contented."
- "Son," said the old man, sitting down by the "I accept of that name, and of the office you I given me; for I wish well to all young people: as I am happy myself, I would fain have others!
- "A hard task you will have, father," interrup Thyrsis, "to make people happy, who have no enjoyment or diversion in life; but must slave our day in the service of our masters, who di themselves the while, and live at ease."
- "Good Thyrsis," said Colin, "listen but to A mon, and you will be convinced as I have been."
- "Nay, rather," said Alcmon, "let him make complaint to me: do you answer him from your't experience, and whichever of you best defends own cause, shall come and sup with me at nig there we will enjoy ourselves in honest mirth

a warm fire, and forget all the toils of the day." Thyrsis agreed to the proposal, and began.

Thyrsis. Alas! how gloomy are the skies! How hollow is the whistling of the wind in December! Are these the accuses to entertain a youthful fancy? The trees are stripped of all their leaves; the very grass is of a russet brown; the birds sit silent and shivering on the branches; all things have an air of poverty and desolation. Alas! how tasteless is the shepherd's life! His meals are short, and his sleep soon interrupted: he rises many hours before the cheerful day begins to dawn; and does not return home, till the cold night is far advanced.

Colin. But then how delightful is the early spring! how reviving the advances of summer! The sky grows clear, or is only overspread with thin, white, curdling clouds. Soft showers descend upon the withered grass, and every meadow seems to laugh: the gay flowers spring up in every field. and adorn it with beautiful colours. The lambkins frisk around us, and divert us with their innocent gaieties: the shepherd's life is as innocent as theirs; if his meals are plain, they are hearty; if his sleep is short, it is both sound and sweet. He rises refreshed in the morning, and sees the day come on by gradual advances, till the whole east is streaked with purple clouds: when night succeeds, he beholds the immense vault of heaven, he admires the lustre of the stars, and in vain tries to reckon their number; while they glitter over his head, he has no cause to fear any ill influences tul prey! while we are spot, they measure witl country round; and the equal to that of the wir enlivening sound of the cry of their dogs; the before them; they feel r and when they return ho plenty. We have the sa and entertainment with there be this difference b and another's?

Colin. Why rather, O
Thyrsis, do you envy ti
dearly buy? Not long ago
upon the brow of the hill,
by me in great mirth and
them was a very handsom,
a fond mother: he guided

Thyrsis. Those accidents, timorous Colin, do not happen every day. But at least I may envy those idlers, whom I see, in perfect safety, diverting themselves upon the common: they have no severe master to give an account to, for their time; they are well clothed and better fed.

Alcmon. O Thyrsis, they have a master to whom they are accountable, superior to those sort of masters you mean: a master that looks upon us with as favourable an eye as he does upon them: a master, to whom the greatest king upon his throne is but an upper servant, and has a heavier task, because he is able to do more than you and I. Those idlers, whom you envy, are perhaps not so happy as you fancy them to be.

Colin. I saw Clorinda cross some meadows, the other day, with an air that expressed little happiness. There was a large company of them together; all people of prosperous fortunes, all idle, and at ease. The young nymph went a good way before all her companions; her garments glittered in the sun with silk and gold: she seemed to shun conversation; her eyes were fixed upon the ground; her look was pale and melancholy; and, every now and then, she would sigh, as if her heart was breaking.

Thyrsis. Clorinda's melancholy is easily understood. Urania and she were once inseparable companions: that favourite friend of hers is lately dead. I heard Dametas tell the unhappy story. you shall both come home with m no longer a matter of dispute, I hope over to the happier opinion. Beli herd, we, of low condition, are free tude of unknown evils that afflict great, and are more terrible to the and tempests are to us more grievo and honest and industrious poverty. II.

On the Comforts of virtuous Poverty.

LLIS and Damaris were two country lasses, the le of the village where they lived; both hands to perfection, but exceedingly different. The fletted Damaris had no attention but to assist infirmities of an aged parent, whom severe illusconfined to his cottage, while she tended his k by the wood side: her hands were generally sloyed in some useful work; and while she knit pun, to procure her old father a more tolerable sistence, the cheerfulness of her songs expressed ontented heart. Her dress, though very poor, always neat and clean: she studied no ornation; and if the neighbours commended her son, she lent them very little attention.

'hyllis had been bred up under a careless mother was exceedingly pretty, and knew it mighty well. holydays, nobody so spruce as she: her hat was athed with flowers or ribands; every fountain; consulted for her dress, and every meadow sacked to adorn it: from morning till night was dancing and sporting on the green; all the pherds courted and admired her, and she be-

tying up a nosegay, when she heard I was concealed from her only by the s bushes, singing, with a merry heart, a of industry. Phyllis could not help her in the midst of it; and when she her, found her busy in plying the dist fixed in her side; when thus the gay

Phyllis. How is it possible, Dam should be always so merry in leading drudgery? What charms can you find much better would it become you dancing at the may-pole, where some som might probably fall in love with y

Damaris. Ah Phyllis, I prefer the because I see you very unhappy in your part, I have never a moment's am sensible I am doing what I ought the comfort of a good old father, to

in the mean time, tells me stories of his younger days, and instructs me by his experience: sometimes he teaches me a song like that I was singing just now; and on holydays I read to him out ofsome good book. This, Phyllis, is my life. I have no great expectations, but every cheerful hope that can make the heart light and easy.

Physics. Well, Damaris, I shall not dispute your taste: my father is well enough, by his own labour, to provide for his family; and my mother never set us the example of working. It is true we are poor; but who knows what good fortune may throw in our way? Youth is the time for mirth and pleasure; and I do not care how hardly I fare, provided I can get a silken lining to my hat, and be the lady of the May next year.

Damaris. O Phyllis, this is very pretty for the present; but in what will it end? Do you think that smoothness of face will always last? Yon decrepit old woman, that limps upon her crutches, was once, they say, as handsome as you: her youth passed without engaging any body in a real affection to her; yet her good name was lost among the follies she engaged in. Poverty and age came on together: she has long been a burden to the rillage and herself. If any neighbour's cow is ill, suspicions of witchcraft fall upon her: she can lo nothing to maintain herself; and every body rudges her what she has.

Phyllis. Ill-natured Damaris, to compare me

Damaris. I do not despise y wish you well, and would fain so myself. That fine green stuff you would become you much better own spinning.—But I talk like a ter, and am little heeded. Go and rejoice in the summer of thy the homely but industrious ant vision for the winter.

III.

The Happiness of religious Hope.

IMAGINE, honest friends, that instead of a little book. I am a good-humoured neighbour, come to spend an hour with you in cheerful chat: do not look upon me as one that is come to read you grave lectures of religion and good behaviour; but give me the welcome of an agreeable companion. Is it in a summer's holyday you take me up? Come, let us go out into the fields, sit down under some shady. tree, and while the sun shines and the birds sing round us, let us talk over all we have to say. Or is it a winter's evening? Draw your seats about the chimney; throw on another faggot, make a cheerful blaze, and let us be comfortable. What is it to us here, if the wind blows and the rain beats abroad? Since we cannot work, let us divert ourselves; but let us divert ourselves in a harmless. reasonable way, that we may turn this idle time to as good account as the busiest.

Come, what shall we talk of? Of happiness? there cannot be a pleasanter subject. Where is it to be had, this happiness, and how shall we come by it?

one you may be happier than and many a prince. I suppose you! ligious: why then the better half is mind is easy: you have no load up science, and no need to be afraid (But cannot your condition be any Content is a good thing; yet success deavours is a better. There is no I sadly down, and acquiescing in a mis upon mature consideration, we find the will of Providence that we show let me tell you, dear friend, God's v than our own wishes. When tiently to sorrows and hardships, I ness, nor out of despair, nor out helplessness, we then trust our souls doing: we act a commendable part Master will approve; and we may confidence in his mercy, that all th together for our good. Come, plu

youth shall be renewed; when you shall be young and lusty as an eagle, and these gray hairs and wrinkles shall be succeeded by immortal bloom. In the mean time, so much of your life is well over; you are got so far on your journey through this vale of tears; you can reflect with pleasure on a great many good actions and pious dispositions: and it peculiarly becomes old age to meditate much upon those subjects which are, of all others, the most noble and delightful. Heaven is the object that should be always in their view. What a prospect is that! What, think you, should be the joy of a sea-faring man, when, after a long stormy voyage, he is come within sight of the port? Suppose a young man had an estate left to him which he had never seen: suppose he had been travelling a thousand miles to come to it; that he had met with perpetual bad weather by the way, and dirty roads: that he was faint, and well nigh wearled out; and that, just when he comes to the brow of a dry, sandy hill, bleak and unpleasant in itself, but from whence the prospect first opened upon him of that fair place he is going to enjoy: suppose he sees the tufted woods crowned with the brightest verdure: suppose he sees among them glittering spires and domes and gilded columns; and knows that all these shall be his own: with what pleasure will he survey the gentle winding rivulets gliding through fertile meadows; the borders gay with flowers of every kind; the parks and forests filled with all sorts of excellent fruits; the castles and pleasure-houses, which he knows to be rich with nagnificent furniture; and, what is above all, where

auce? Yet how poor are such riches:
compared with the certain expectatio
est old man that is pious and virtuous

A FAIRY TALE.



A FAIRY TALE.

Education.

A NUMBER of boys were diverting themselves one fine day in a meadow, when a wrinkled old woman came up to them, and stopped their play: her looks were unpleasing, and her interruption unseasonable. One of the biggest, who had been taught by his tutor to respect her, addressed her very civilly: but, of the little urchins, some ran away frighted, and hid themselves; and others very insolently laughed at her, and called her old witch. Little George, the youngest of them all, a very pretty good humoured lad, held by the hand of the eldest (who, he thought, as he had always been his friend, would protect him), and listened; but a little afraid too. and not much liking either her looks or the being hindered of his play: however, he was too well bred to say any thing rude. She smiled, and, taking his other hand, "Do not be afraid of me, my dear child," said she, " for though those idle boys yonder call me Crossness and Severity, my true name is Instruction. I love every one of you, and

the old lady, he even ventured along v

The castle was an old melancholy ling, and the path to it very much er briers and thistles; but the old wome them, in a cheerful tone, to come taking out a large key, which had se words engraved upon it, she put it ir which immediately flew open, and the spacious hall magnificently furnishes this they passed into several apartmen and pleasanter than the other; but they ascended by steep steps, and o strange and unknown words were engineers.

Perhaps you would be glad to kno particulars of these apartments: an should have told you, that as soon as the great hall, she made them sit dov collation of plumb-cakes, biscuits, and which were brought in bester a

hand, of ivory tipped with gold, and with this she pointed out to them the ornaments of the room. It was supported by strong but handsome pillars of adamant; and between the pillars, hung festoons of fruit and flowers: at the upper end were niches, with very beautiful statues in them: the principal one was Truth. It appeared to be of one entire diamond, and represented the most beautiful woman that ever eyes beheld: her air was full of dignity and sweetness: in one hand she held a sceptre, in the other a book, and she had an imperial crown on her head. The old fairy gently touched this figure with her wand, and immediately it stepped down from the pedestal, and began to sheak. No music was ever so pleasing as the voice of Truth. She addressed herself to our little hero. and examined him in his catechism. As he had formerly been a little idle, he could not say it so well as, at that minute, he wished to do. "Little wretch," said the old fairy, frowning, " why do you answer so stupidly? Have you never been taught?" Here was a loop-hole, through which a boy of a cowardly spirit might have crept out, by pretending that his tutor had been in fault, and not himself: but little George scorned to tell a lie; nor could he be so base as to excuse himself, by accusing an innocent person; therefore, though trembling for fear of the old fairy and her wand, he answered, "Indeed, madam, I have been often bid to learn it, but I loved my diversions so well that I never could apply to it." Here the old fairy, smiling, kissed him, and said, "My dear child, I forgive

your past idleness, in favour of your noble hon A fault honestly owned is half amended, and nymph shall reward you."

Immediately Truth gave him a little Catech bound in silver, enamelled, a pocket Bible, ruby clasps, and a small looking-glass, in a case. "In these books, my dear," said she, " shall find constant directions from me, which you follow, will make you good, and great, happy. If you never offend against me, I wi ready to assist you in all difficulties. If ever should be tempted to offend me, look in this gl if you see yourself in it your own natural figure on contentedly, and be sure you are under my tection; but if you see yourself in the form slave and a monster, greasy, ragged, loaded chains, a double tongue hanging out of your mo and a pair of ass's ears on your head, trembl think that you are got into the power of the wi enchanter Falsehood; retract the lie vou told, stand still wherever you are, call out a for my assistance, and do not stir from the you are in till I come to help you.' So saving. bright form re-ascended her pedestal, and others, who stood on each hand, being touche the fairy wand, moved towards him.

The first was a young woman, clothed in a white robe, perfectly neat and plain: she had flaxen hair, and blue eyes, which were fixed or ground; a white veil shaded her face, and her

lour went and came every minute. She advanced with a slow pace, and spoke, in a voice very low, but as sweet as the nightingale's:

- "My name," said she, "is Modesty. I have no merit, but, perhaps, as you are so young, it may be in my power to be of some little use to you. Before you get to the top of this castle, you will seemany strange things, and be bid to do many things, of which you do not understand the reason; but remember that you are very young, and know nothing, and that every body here is wiser than you: therefore, observe attentively all that you see, and do readily all that you are bid. As you have recommended 'yourself to Truth, we, her handmaids, are ready to give you all the assistance we can: and you will need it all.
- "Above all things, fear Disgrace: it is a filthy puddle in the neighbourhood of this castle, whose stains are not easily wiped off. Those who run heedlessly or wilfully into it, after repeated warnings, grow in time so loathsome that nobody can endure them.
- "There is an enchantress you will meet with, called Flattery, who will offer you a very pleasant cup: if you drink much of it your head will turn; and, while you fancy yourself a most accomplished person, she will touch you with her wicked wand, and immediately you will be metamorphosed into a butterfly, a squib, or a paper kite. But as, perhaps, you must taste her cup, take this nosegay of vio-

lets; and, as you find your head a little giddy, s to it, and you will be so refreshed, that she have no power to hurt you. This little nosegay defend you also against the magician Pride, wl a thousand shapes will try to introduce himse you, and persuade you to go with him to a high I from whence he will either throw you down ! frightful precipices, into the pool of Disgrac else change you into a lion, or a tiger, or a bea into such a huge dropsical figure, that every shall hate to look upon you, and that you shal be able to pass through the gates that lead to When you suspect his coming, sme piness. your violets, and you will immediately see thr his disguise, and, at the same time, they shall 1 vou so little, he shall not see you; and, when are in a crowd, smell to them again, and you pass through it without difficulty. I wish I l better gift to bestow; but accept of my all."

Little George thanked her kindly, and stuck nosegay in his bosom.

On the pedestal of the next figure was insc. Natural Affection. Her countenance was a and engaging, her garment embroidered storks, doves, and various pretty animals: she bracelets on her arms, and fine rings on finger: every one was the gift of some be friend or relation. "My dear George," said "I love you for the sake of your parents: I h thousand pretty gifts to bestow, and this particu will be of use to you." She then gave him a:

enamelled box, with pictures on every side. "When," said she, "you are in doubt how to behave, look upon the pictures. They are those of your parents, relations, and friends: being gifted by a fairy, you will see every figure in motion: and as your papa and mamma, your brothers and sisters seem affected by your behaviour; you will judge whether you are acting right or wrong. I am sure it is your desire always to give them pleasure, and not pain; to be an honour to them, and not a reproach."

The next image that spoke was entirely made of sugar, but a sugar as firm, and almost as clear as crystal. Her name was Good Temper. In her bosom, she had a nosegay of roses without thorns. She took our little friend by the hand, and seeing it scratched from a scuffle he had with his companions, she healed it with a touch; and gave him a small amethyst phial filled with honey and oil of a peculiar kind. "Touch your lips with this iulep," said she, "every morning. Though the phial is small, it is inexhaustible, and you will never more be liable to harm from any idle quarrel. as you will never say any thing peevish or provoking: all your companions will love you; and your servants will think it a blessing to live with you."

One figure more remained, and the fairy had no sooner touched it, but down from her pedestal jumped sprightly Diligence. She was dressed like a huntress: activity and nimbleness appeared in every limb. She sprang to George, clapped her hands on his shoulders, and immediately there ap-

"These win peared a couple of little wings. said she, "will be of great use to you in ascen the steep steps you will have to go up, by and but all wings need frequent pluming; and t will lose all their virtue, if you do not keep t in order every day, by using the talisman I going next to give you." This talisman was a go "This," said she, "whenever your w are drooping, (as they will very often, when old witch Laziness approaches, who would m morphose you into a dormouse) you must run ge into your side, and they will be ready immedia to carry you out of her reach. I am sure. have too much true courage to fear a little trif pain, when it will be the means of gaining every improvement. Good night, good night, love, I see you are sleepy; but as soon as you aw in the morning, be sure to make use of your spi

The good old fairy then led Henry and Ger into a little neat room, where they went to bed slept till day-break, dreaming of all the agreet things they had seen and heard. George did awake till Henry was already up and dressed: he awoke disturbed, and began to tell his fri his dreams. "I thought," said he, "that look out of the window, I saw all my companious play, and flew out to them directly, to show th those fine things that the statues had given Instead of admiring me, they fell upon me: seized one fine thing, and another another, poor I had nothing left but my wings. What we me too, in the scuffle my violets were scatter

the books torn, the pictures spoiled, the glass broke, and the julep spilled; so that they were never the better, though I was so much the worse. Well, I took to my wings however, and thought I might as easily fly in as out, and then the good fairy would give me more pretty things. But no such matter: the windows were shut; the doors were barred and bolted; owls and bats flew about my head, geese hissed at me, asses brayed at me, monkics chattered in my ears, and I fell down nobody knows whither."

"Be thankful," said Henry, "that it was only a dream: here are all your pretty things safe:" and so saying, he gently touched his side, like a true friend, with the spur, and up jumped little George all alive and merry. He read in his books : he with pleasure saw his own honest face in the glass of Truth: he observed, with delight, the pictures of his friends and relations all smiling upon him, While he was thus employed, in stepped a soberlooking man, leaning on a staff. "My young friends," said he, "I am sent to conduct you through the noble apartments of this castle." "A fine conductor, indeed!" said little George, who had unfortunately forgot both his violets and his phial; "your crutch, honest man, will keep up rarely with my wings." "Your wings, youngster," replied Application (for that was his name) "will be of little service, unless I lend you a staff to rest upon, which, wherever you set it down, will make your footing sure." This speech was unheeded by little George, who, already upon the wing, fluttered F 2

Henry soon overtook him, having quite as good pinions, though he did not boast of them: but staved first to bring with him the staff, the phial, and the nosegay, against his friend should need them. Little George was now trying to mount up a steep stair-case, which he saw multitudes of his own age ascending: very eagerly he stretched his wings, whose painted plumage glittered in the sun-beams, and very often just reached the top: but he was greatly surprised to find that he always slid back again, as if he had stood upon a slope of ice; so that hundreds and hundreds had got through the folding doors above, while he was still but at the bottom. He cried for vexation: gave hard names to the boys that got before him, and was laughed at by them in return. The box of pictures gave him no comfort, for there he saw his father frowning, and his mother looking unhappy. At this minute, friendly Henry came to his relief, and giving him the violets, the phial, and the staff, "Make use of these," said he, "and you will easily get up with them who are now before you. Observe, that they have every one of them just such a staff, and that, notwithstanding their wings, they can rise but one step at a time." George, who had now touched his lips with the phial, thanked him very kindly, and they mounted several steps, hand in hand: on some were inscribed. Propris quæ maribus: on others As in præsenti, and various other magic verses; which, they just rested long enough on every step to read; and as they ascended, the steps grew easier and easier. George, however, was a little out of breath, and more than

sace wished himself out of the castle: yet he was delighted to find himself almost overtaking the foremost, who had some of them loitered by the way.

And now he entered into an apartment, more magnificent than any he had ever seen. Thousands of rooms opened, one beyond another, furnished with all the elegance of taste: from every one of these were delightful prospects: but then, for a long while, he had not leisure to attend to the strange varieties of rich and uncommon furniture. exciting his curiosity every minute. One long rallery was hung with paintings, so exquisitely fine, that every figure seemed alive: and some of them actually spoke, and amused him with a thousand agreeable stories. Here he saw all the memmorphoses of the heathen gods, the adventures of Æneas, and a number of other things that I have not time to describe. A young damsel attended blun, dressed in a gown made of feathers more gay han the rainbow: she had wings upon her head: the gave him the most delicious sweetmeats, and he drank out of a sparkling cup the pleasantest honor imaginable. This light dish did not quite natisfy a hungry stomach: so that George was not very sorry when, passed through the gallery of Fiction, his fair conductress Poetry consigned him er to the care of a good hospitable old man, in the next apartment, whose table was already coered with wholesome and substantial food. This partment, called the Saloon of History, was by no neans so gay as the former; but deserved examinaion better. The walls were covered with marble.

and communicative, —
question that George's curiosity;
ask. He commended him for hi
and toasted her health, as his own
as the old gentleman was sometin
in his stories, our young traveller
every now and then, with looking o
Surveying the box of pictures, h
wishing for a nearer sight of the
presented. A window, that sto
him, and overlooked a delight
minded him of his wings: but t
his frightful dream prevented h
ing an escape.

At this minute, the fairy In with a smiling look. "I know dear," said she, "and am willi reasonable indulgence. I has number of little winged bein wonng friends.

Let your dream warn you to take care of your precious gifts, and to make a due use of them."

She had scarcely done speaking, before there was a general voice of joy heard through the whole apartment, "the holydays are come, the holydays are come:" and immediately a number of little cherubims appeared in the air, crowned with garlands, and away with them flew little George; but unluckily, in his haste, left both the staff and the spur behind him. Indeed at this minute they were needless.

His friends were all ready to receive him with affectionate joy. They commended his improvements, and listened with delight to his account of the surprising things he had seen, and rejoiced in the marks of favour he had received from excellent and powerful fairies. He played about all day with his companions, and every thing was thought of that could best divert him. In the midst of these amusements, the poor key was in a few days forgot: nor did he recollect it, till one day he saw Henry sitting under a tree, and very diligently brightening up his own. "Stupid boy," said giddy George. "what do you sit moping there for? Come and play." "So I will presently," said Henry, "but I must not neglect the means of returning honourably to the good fairy." "Hang the old fairy," cried George: " besides, my key will keep bright enough, I warrant it, without all this ado." However, looking at the key, he found it brown with rust; and sadly his arm ached with the vain endeavour of

rubbing it bright; for as he could not suce five minutes, down he flung it in despair.

"What do you cry for, my pretty master? a man in a fine coat, who was passing by. (told him his distress. "Be comforted," so man; "I will give you a gold key set with emithat shall be better by half, and fitter for a gentleman of your rank, than that old we rusty iron."

Just then, George, who did not want (ness, began to suspect something; and smell his violets, the fine man appeared in his true which was, indeed, no other than that of the gician Pride. He was immoderately tall and ed; his eyes were fierce and malignant; his c were painted; a peacock sat upon his head; and a leopard followed him: in one hand he an empty bladder, and in the other a fatal v his under vest was stained and ragged, but o he had a pompous herald's coat, with a long supported by an ugly dwarf and alimping idiot, he turned back continually to insult and Well was it for little George that his violet rendered him invisible: he saw the magician to one of his companions, who being destitu such a defence, immediately became his "Take this nosegay, my child," said the w wretch, and presented him with a bunch of n finely gilded, but very stinging. The poor bo no sooner touched them, than his countenant pressed pain; he quarrelled with every body him; yet the simpleton kept continually smelling to his nosegay, and the more he was nettled the more quarrelsome he grew: his size too increased in proportion; he became swelled and bloated: he grew tall, too tall at once, but it was only by being raised to an enormous pair of stikts, on which he could not walk a step without danger of tumbling down.

George could not help laughing at his ridiculous figure, but would, out of good nature, have offered him his own bunch to smell to, if those unfortunate stilts had not raised him quite out of his reach: he, therefore, was making the best of his way back, having first secured his key, when a laughing giddy hoyden called out to him that she had found a bird's nest. Away with her he ran upon this new pursuit; and from bird's nest to bird's nest, and from butterfly to butterfly, they scampered over the flowery fields till night drew on: she then persuaded him to go with her to her mother's house, which was just by, and rest himself.

He found there a lady lolling in an easy chair, who scarce raised her head to bid him welcome. A table, however, stood by her ready spread with every kind of dainty, where Idleness, for so was his playfellow called, invited him to sit down; and after supper he was conducted into a chamber set round with shelves of playthings, where, in a soft down bed, he slept till very late the next day. At last, though unwillingly, he got up; but for no better purpose than to look over those worthless

toys which he half despised all the while. "What." thought he, "is this tinsel, and glass, and wood, to compare with the rich treasures of the old fairy's castle? Neither the old woman here, nor the simpleton her daughter, will answer me a question I ask, nor divert me with such stories as the very pictures and statues there were full of." The thinking, he continued, nevertheless, to divert himself with the playthings, and was growing fast back into the love of rattles and bells, when a midden panic seized him on seeing in the corners of every shelf fillagree cages full of dormice. "Miserable boy that I am!" cried he, "this must certainly be the den of Laziness! How shall I escape?" He tried to stretch his wings; but alas, they drooped, and now, for the first time, he found and lamented the want of his spur. He ran to the windows: every prospect from thence was desolate and barren, resembling exactly what he had read in his rubyclasped book of the field of the sluggard.

In vain did he look for the holydays to transport him from this wretched place: the last of them was already on the wing, and almost out of sight; for it is peculiar to these little beings to approach slowly, but to fly away with amazing swiftness. However, he met with assistance where he least expected it: a dismal cloud hung almost over his head, which he feared would every minute burst in thunder; when out of it flew a black eagle, whe seized little George in her talons, and in a moment he found himself at the gates of the castle of Instruction.

Perhaps you may not think his case now much bester than it was before. A little dormouse could have lain anng and warm in cotton; whereas poor George was forced to stand in the cold, among thorns and briers, vainly endeavouring to read the inscription on his key, which was now, alas, grown rustier than ever. In the mean time, he saw most of his companions, his friend Henry one of the foremost, fly over his head, while their polished keys glittered like diamonds; and all of them were received into the apartments they came out of. with joyful acclamations. The boy upon stilts, indeed, did not make so good a figure: he reached up to the window, but his false key would not open it; and making a false step, down he tumbled into the dirty pool.

At this minute the old fairy looked out, and calling to George, "Why do not you, my child," said she, "make use of your wings and your key? I am impatient to have you amongst us again, that you may receive finer gifts, and see greater wonders than any you have ever met with yet."

Here a woman came to him, clothed in hareskins and shivering with an ague: she touched him with a cold finger that chilled his blood, and stammered out these terrifying words: "D d'ont g go int t to the ccastle: P punishment is r ready for r 7 you; r run away."

"Scorn punishment, and despise it," said Foolhardiness, a little pert monkey in a scarlet coat, and mounted upon a goose.

He fainted away with terror when he recovered, found himse the bright figure of Truth smil Forgiveness, another very am guished by a slate and a spor wiped out all faults, caressin had need, for he felt himself with some rough methods the bring him to himself. These thim to the care of Amendator for forsake him till he

that time proceeded with double alacrity: on overtook his companions again, and you magine how joyful was the meeting between and Henry, who loved him too well not to go ry melancholy, while George had stayed behind. W I rejoiced," said he, "to see you under the fact of the lady Amendment! now nothing can part us more."

The Poetical Gallery, the Saloon of History, afded them new delight: in every room through lich they passed were tables covered with gems, edals, little images, seals, intaglios, and all kinds or curiosities, of which they were assured, that the agre they took the more welcome they should be.

But here George was a little perplexed again: his pockets were filled over and over; still, as he came to new treasures, he was forced to throw aside the old ones to make room; yet was told that it would not be taken well, if he did not keep them all: at last he came, fortunately, into a room of polished steel, where, on a throne of jasper, sat a lady with a crown upon her head, of the brightest jewels. Upon her robe was woven, in the liveliest colours and perfectly distinct, though in miniature, every thing that the world contains: she had steel tablets in her hand, on which she was always engraving something excellent; and on the rich diadem that encircled her forehead, was embroidered the word Memory.

"You could not," said she to George, "have

nt nad millions of little drawe numbered, and in these he foun he had been so encumbered w proper order.

"The only thing I insist on," you will keep your drawers exac litter them with trush. If you st does not deserve a place, they capable of containing real treas tom of the cabinet will become sieve; and if Malice or Resentry you to put in any thing out of will soon find every drawer infand adders. But above all things Truth, Gratitude, and Friendsh them with constant perfume, the agreeable to every body."

Thus furnished, George proce

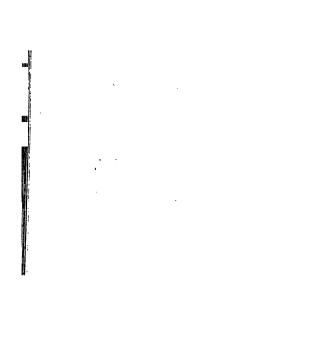
thence riches that had not ye holy days always found him ith them, but not impatient frequally glad to return when exercise the returned, he was receded crowned with wreaths of bay ecame a favourite with the Virtuand at last was led by them to the where Reputation and Prudence him, and conduct him through a stretched out along the top of terminated by the glittering temp.

ath which alonger is the bounder like in the bounder like in the persuade shops, you with snake one the gifts of which will fit shall make you

ceeded joyfully, and t to another, till be casures of the castle him into delightful spring; sometimes solid rock, (on the to the windows) he science, and brough







IMITATIONS OF OSSIAN.

I.

Why dost thou not visit my hall, daughter of the gentle Smile? thou art in the hall of joy, the feast of shells is spread; the bards are assembled around. Sad I sit alone, and listen to the beating rain. The gale sounds hollow in the east, but no music comes on the blast, to my solitary ear. The red coals grow suddenly in my grate, but they should blaze cheerfully for thee. Why dost thou not visit my hall, daughter of the gentle Smile?

Thy fame shall be heard in the song, for the bards assemble at thy call. When I go to the narrow house, silence shall rest upon my memory: for lonely I sit all the day, and listen to the dashing rain. The keen wind whistles at my gate, and drives away the timid guest. Dark boats pass by on the swift stream, but no passenger lands at my hall. Thou, too, O sweet daughter of the Smile,

dst sail by over the b Iue ware, when the voice joy was in the hall of kings. But Therina passed he day silent and solitary. When a thousand oaks lamed beyond the stream, she saw the distant blaze, like the red streaks of the setting sun; she heard the murmur of the distant shouts; and, at last, through the dark air, she saw the approaching torch, that lighted back her friends from the feast of empty shells. She ran to meet them through the lonely hall; and the wind lifted her cloak.

Will no voice reply to my song? I, too, have a harp, which the winds sweep with its wings.

* The coronation in 176c. Miss Talbot then was in the 40th year of her age when she wrote this Imitation. Only specimens of the Poems of Ossian had then been published. Fingal was not printed till 176c, and Temora not till the following year.

II.

THERINA AND CARTHONA.

Thering.

IGHTER of the Song, why is thy look so pensive? y dost thou regard me with an eye of compas-

carthona. Thy melancholy strain pierced my rt. I view thee already as in the narrow se, where all is silence and darkness. I look in thee as a diamond buried deep in the rock, en it ought to be flaming on an imperial diam.

Therina. Partial is thine eye, kind daughter Harmony, and idly fictitious was my plaintive ain. My expectations look beyond the narrow use, and the view terminates in splendour. I I am not a diamond, O Carthona, but a feeble www.worm of the earth, whose sickly lustre uld go out in open day, and is beheld to ad-

vantage, only from being judiciously placed amidst obscurity.

Carthona. Lowly daughter of Indolence, thou dost not well to acquiesce in the meanest and most useless form of being, who mightest warble on a bough with the songstresses of the grove, or shine on gay wings with the flutterers of the air.

Therina. I was once a butterfly, O Carthona, and my existence was most despicable. The glowworm in its low estate is pleasing to the eye that approaches it near; is useful, sometimes, to direct the steps of the benighted traveller.

Carthona. Daughter of Indolence, thy discourse is idle and ungrateful.

Therina. Hear then, O Carthona, the reverse of my plaintive strains, and may it sound sweet in thine ears. Thou art pleased with the tale of Malvina, who attended the blind age of Ossian, emphatically blind! Her form rises elegant to thy mind, and the voice of her praise sounds melodious to thy fancy. Yet what is the fame of Malvina? And what was the merit of Ossian? The threads of my life, O Carthona, though homely, are woven amid others of inestimable tincture. The ties of indissoluble friendship have mingled them among threads of purest gold, the richest purple, and the brightest silver. Such are the durable textures

eaven has framed in the loom of civilized, while the scattered threads of Fingal's are like autumnal cobwebs, tossed by winds thorn to thorn; whence some few of peculiar whiteness are collected by the musing bard, when solitary he roams amid the pathless wild.

III.

TRUE, Ossian, I delight in songs; harmony soothes my soul. It soothes it, O Ossian; but it raises it far above these grassy clouds and rocky hills: it exalts it above the vain phantoms of clouds, the wandering meteors of the night.

Listen in thy turn, thou sad son of Fingal, to the lonely dweller of the rock: let thy harp rest for a while, and thy thoughts cease to retrace the war and bloodshed of the days that are past. Sightless art thou, O Ossian, and sad is thy failing age: thine ear is to the hollow blast, and thy expectation is closed in the narrow house: thy memory is of the deeds of thy fathers—and thy fathers, where are they? What, O Ossian, are those deeds of other times? they are horror, and blood, and desolation.

Harp of Ossian, be still. Why dost thou sound in the blast, and awake my sleeping fancy? Deep and long has been its repose: solid are the walls that surround me: the idle laugh enters not here: why then should the idler tear? Yet, Ossian, would weep for thee; Malvina.—But my days are as the flight of an arrow: shall the arrow turn aside from its mark?

t was thy genius, Ossian! But darkness thy heart: it shrank from the light of The lonely dweller of the rock sang in) thy deafened ear. The Grecian was not ike thee: on him the true sun never dawned: sang, though erroneous, of all-ruling Proe, and faintly looked up to the parent of gods ien. Thy vivid fancy, O Ossian, what beheld a cloudy Fingal? Vain in the pride of any, thou remainest, by choice, an orphan in an an world. Did never the dweller of the rock t out to thy friendless age, a kindred higher 1 the heaven; a brotherhood wide as the :ld; a staff to thy failing steps; a light to thy htless soul? And didst thou reject them, Ossian? nat then is genius, but a meteor brightness? ie humble, the mild, the simple, the uneloquent, ith peaceful steps, followed their welcome pastor ito fair meads of everlasting verdure; while thou ttest gloomy on the storm-beaten hill, and repeatig to the angry blast the boast of human pride, ne tales of devastation, of war-the deeds of other mes. Far other times are these. Ah! would nev were! for still destruction spreads: still huan pride rises with the tigers of the desert, and akes its horrid boast!



ALLEGORIES.



If I was not quite sick of the number of stupid dreams which have been written in initation of those excellent ones published in the Spectators, Tatlers, and some later periodical papers, I should be exceedingly tempted to fall into some allegorical slumbers. After this declaration, I know not why I may not actually do it; since I see people, in a hundred other instances, seem to imagine that censuring any thing violently, is amply sufficient to excuse their being guilty of it.

Suppose me then composed in my easy chair, after having long meditated on that old and threadbare comparison of human life to a play. To this, my imagination furnishes abundance of scenery: and the train of my thoughts go on just as well, after my eyes are closed, as it did before.

As I have yet Wout a very inconsiderable part in the performance, I have leisure enough to stand between the scenes, and to amuse myself with various speculations. Fortunately for me, I am placed near a person, who can give me sufficient information of the whole matter; since indeed this venerable person is no other than the originally intended directress of the theatre, Wisdom by name: but being of a temper above entering into all the little disputes of the actors, she has suffered her place to be usurped by a multitude of pretenders, who mix the vilest of farces, and the absurdest of tragedies, with the noblest drama in the world.

These destructive interlopers were busily instructing all the actors, as they appeared upon the stage, and indeed one might easily see the effects of their teaching. Scarce one in fifty repeated a single line with a natural and unaffected air: every feature was distorted by grimace, many a good sentiment outrée, by the emphasis with which it was pronounced.

"Would it not put one quite out of patience," said my neighbour, "to see that fellow there, so entirely spoil one of the finest passages in the play, by turning it into a mere raut? Is there any bearing that man, who, pretending to act the lover, puts on all the airs of a madman? Why, sir, do you think that graceful figure, that sense, and all those advantages you were dressed with, in order to d'honour to my company, were given you, only the

counight walk about the stage, sighing and exclaiming? Pray let me cast an eye upon your part.

—Look ye, are here any of those soliloquies that
you are every moment putting in?—Why, here is
not a single word of misery, death, torment." The
lover, awaking out of his reverie, pointed to a
prompter that stood at a little distance, when
Wisdom perceived it to be Busy Imagination. She
only, with an air of compassion, drew the poor
youth to her side of the stage, and begged he would
keep out of the hearing of so bad a director.

The next we happened to attend to, was a young woman, of a most amiable figure, who stood pretty near us; but the good-nature in her countenance was mixed with a kind of haughty disdain. whenever she turned towards Imagination, that did not absolutely please me. I remarked upon it to my friend, and we jointly observed her stealing leisure from her part to look over the whole scheme of the drama. "That actress," says she, "has a most charming genius, but she too has a travers in it." Because she has seen some love scenes in the play ridiculously acted, and heard them censured by those whose judgment she respects, and especially, because she is very justly displeased with all the bombast stuff Imagination puts into them-she will, against her senses, believe there is scarce a single line about it in the whole drama: and there you may see her striking out for spurious, passages that have warmed the noblest hearts with generous sentiments, and gained a just applause from Socrates and Plato themselves, two of the finest actors I ever had. This is, how an error on the right side. Happy for you, y actress, if you never fall into a worse! She indeed miss saying an agreeable thing, but never will say an absurd one.

"Look yonder, and you will see more dang and more ridiculous mistakes. That grot young actors, just entering on the stage, who not possibly have beheld more than half as pretend already, in a decisive way, to give judgment of the whole; they do not so mu wait for their cue, (which years and discr ought to give them) but thrust forward int very middle of the action. Some of them, pleased with the decorations of their part o theatre, are busied in hurrying the tinsel ments from the other corners of it, where were much more becomingly placed. That yonder, who ought to be acting the part of a is so taken up with adjusting his dress, and th his companions, that he never once seems to t of the green-room, where all these robes must be laid aside.

"Look yonder, look yonder! This is a pit sight indeed. Behold that woman, exquisitely he some still, though much past the bloom of yound formed to shine in any part; but so unhat attached to that she has just left, that her he absolutely turned behind her; so unwilling it to lose sight of her beloved gaieties. "In another place you may see persons, who, sensible that the splendid dresses of the theatre are only lent them for a time, disdain, with a sullen ill-judged pride, to put them on at all, and so disgrace the parts that were allotted them for their own advantage.

"Alas! what a different prompter has that actor got! He was designed to represent a character of generosity, and, for that purpose, furnished with a large treasure of counters, which it was his business to dispose of in the most graceful manner to those actors engaged in the same scene with him. Instead of this, that old fellow, Interest, who stands at his elbow, has prompted him to put the whole bag into his pocket, as if the counters themselves were of real value; whereas, the moment he sets his foot off the stage, or is hurried down through some of those trap-doors that are every moment opening round him, these tinsel pieces are no longer current. To conceal, in some measure, the falseness of this behaviour, he is forced to leave out a hundred fine passages, intended to grace his. character, and to occasion unnumbered chasms and inconsistencies, which not only make him hissed, but the very scheme of the drama murmured at. Yet still he persists: and, see! just now, when he ought to be gracefully treading the stage with a superior air, he is stooping down to pick up some more counters that happen to be fallen upon the dirty floor, made dirty on purpose for the disgrace of those who choose to grovel there.



"You can scarce have an idea, structress, "how infinitely the had whole piece is interrupted by the these wrong-headed actors make of rations. The part you have to act, clean small one; but, remember, it is infinite overy such attachment. Fix your aits meaning, not its ornaments: let be just and unaffected; your air chee engaged: never pretend to look beyon page: and, above all, trust the great Drama with his own glorious work think to mend what is above your up minute criticisms that are below it

II.

Danger of Indulgence of the Imagination.

came into the room clothed in a loose green.

it: her long hair fell in ringlets upon her
ers: her head was crowned with roses and
s: a prodigious sweetness appeared in her
nance; and notwithstanding the irregularity
features and a certain wildness in her eyes,
emed to me the most agreeable person I had
eheld.

en she was entered, she presented me with a green branch, upon which was a small sort of closed in a hard black shell, which, she said, oth wholesome and delicious; and bade me her, and not be afraid, for she was going to me happy.

d as she commanded me, and immediately a t descended, and took us up: it was made of chest materials, and drawn by four milk-white s. Whilst we were hurried, with a rapid mover vast oceans, boundless plains, and barren deserts, she told me that her name was Imtion; that she was carrying me to Parnassus, she herself lived.

I had scarce time to thank her before we a at the top of a very high mountain covered very thick woods. Here we alighted; and my taking me by the hand, we passed through s beautiful groves of myrtle, bays, and laure parated from one another by little green a enamelled with the finest flowers. Nothing to be heard but the rustling of leaves, the hun of bees, the warbling of birds, and the purl streams; and, in short, this spot seemed to paradise.

After wandering some time in this deliplace, we came to a long grass walk, at the frend of which, in a bower of jasmines and bines strewed with flowers, sat a woman of a dle age, but of a pleasing countenance: he was finely braided, and she wore a habit of chable silk.

When we approached her, she was weaving of the finest silk, which she immediately down, and embraced me. I was surprised much civility from a stranger, which she perce bade me not wonder at the kindness she show me at first sight, since, besides my being in the pany of that lady, (pointing to Imagination) was recommendation enough, my own p would entitle me to the favour of all who say

"But," added she, "you have had a long walk, and want rest: come and sit down in my bower."

Though this offer would, at another time, have been very acceptable to me, yet so great was my desire of seeing the Muses, that I begged to be excused, and to have permission to pursue my journey. Being informed by Imagination where we were going, she commended my laudable curiosity, and said she would accompany us. As we went along, she told me her name was Good Will, and that she was a great friend to the Muses and to the lady who brought me hither, whom she had brought up from a child; and had saved her from being carried away by Severity and Ill Humour, her inveterate enemies.

When she had done speaking, we arrived at the happy place I had so much wished to see: it was a little circular opening, at the upper end of which sat, on a throne of the most fragrant flowers, a young man in a flame-coloured garment, of a noble but haughty countenance: he was crowned with laurel, and held a harp in his hand. Round him sat nine beautiful young women, who all played upon musical instruments: these, Imagination told me, were Apollo and the Muses. But, above all the rest, there were three that I most admired, and who seemed fondest of me.

One of these was clothed in a loose and careless manner; she was reposed on a bank of flowers, and sang with a sweeter voice than any of the others. The garment of the second was p with the greatest care and exactness, and embroidered with the gayest colours; but it di seem to fit her. But it was the third whom I admired: she was crowned with roses and a v of other flowers; she played upon all the in ments, and never stayed five minutes in a pla

Just as I was going to sit down to a fine which they had prepared for me, of the fruits mountain, we saw two grave-looking men a cing towards us. Immediately Imagination shout, and Good Will said she had great rease those were Severity and Ill Humour, who he to have run away with her when but a child, had told me before. "You too," added she, be in danger; therefore come into the mius."

I did so, and by this time the two mer come up. One of them was completely arms held a mirror in his hand; the other wore robe, and held in one hand a mariner's co and in the other a lantern. They soon pier the centre of our little troop; and the first much ado, at length forced me from the or who still held out against them, and ma hearken to the other, who bade me not be and told me, though I might be prejudiced him and his companion by those I had late with, yet they had a greater desire of my ness, and would do more towards it. "Bu he, "if you have eat any of that fruit whi

ave in your hand, of which the real name is bestinacy, all I can say will be ineffectual."

I assured him I had not tasted this fatal fruit. It is said he was very glad of it, and bade me throw it own and follow him, which I did, till by a shorter ray we came to the brow of the mountain. When re were there, he told me the only way to deliver agself from the danger I was then in, was to leap lown into the plain below. As the mountain seemed ery steep, and the plain very barren, I could neither persuade myself to obey, nor had I courage to isobey him.

I thus stood wavering for some time, till the man in armour pushed me down, as Mentor did Felemachus. When I was recovered from the first hock of my fall, how great was my surprise to find his paradise of the world, this delightful mounain, was raised to that prodigious height by mere mpty clouds!

After they had given me some time to wonder, he who held the lantern in his hand, told me that the place before me was the mount of Folly: that Imagination was Romance, Good Will was Flattery, Apollo was Bombast: that the two false Muses who tried most to keep me from coming with them, were Self Conceit and Idleness: that the thers were Inconstancy, False Taste, Ignorance, and Affectation her daughter; Euthusiasm of Poetry; Credulity, a great promoter of their despotic dominion; and Fantasticalness, who took as many hearts as any of the rest.

I thanked him for this information, him that it would almost equal the joy of liverance, to know the names of my deliver told me his own was Good Advice, and hipanion's Good Sense, his brother, and born same time. He added, that if I liked their pany, they would, after having shown me the thousand wretches whom my false friends h trayed, conduct me to the abode of Application Perseverance, the parents of all the Virtues.

I told him that nothing could afford me a sensible pleasure. "Then," said he, "prepare self for a scene of horror;" and immediately the help of his brother, he lifted up the mot and discovered to my sight a dark and hollow where, under the shade of cypress and yew, the utmost misery, multitudes of unhappy m mostly young women, run away with by Roi When I had left this dreadful spot, and the tain was closed upon them, just as I was goin good and happy, some unhappy accident awarme.

POETRY.



POETRY.

TO LAURA.

AWAKE, my Laura, break the silken chain;
Awake, my friend, to hours unsoil'd by pain:
Awake to peaceful joys and thoughts refined,
Youth's cheerful morn, and Virtue's vigorous mind:
Wake to all joys fair friendship can bestow;
All that from health and prosperous fortune flow.
Still dost thou sleep? awake, imprudent fair:
Few hours has life, and few of those can spare.

Forsake thy drowsy couch, and sprightly rise, While yet fresh morning streaks the ruddy skies; While yet the birds their early matins sing, And all around us blooming as the spring: Ere sultry Phoebus, with his scorching ray, Has drank the dew-drops from their mansion gay,

For is there aught in eleep can charm the wise?
 To lie in dull oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life?
 Thomson.

Scorch'd every flower, embrown'd each green,

Pall'd the pure air, and chased the pleasin Still dost thou sleep? O rise, impruder Few hours has life, nor of those few ca

But this, perhaps, was but a summer so And winter nights are dark, and cold, and Weak reason that, for sleeping past the n Yet urged by sloth, and by indulgence bor O, rather haste to rise, my slumbering fri While feeble suns their scanty influence ke While cheerful day-light yet adorns the sl Awake, my friend! my Laura, haste to ri For soon the uncertain short-lived day sh And soon shall night extend her sooty vei Blank nature fades, black shades and drear

Haunt the sick eye, and fill the court of F
O therefore sleep no more, imprudent i
Few hours has day, few days the circli
Few hours has life, and few of these ca

Think of the task those hours have yet Reason to arm, and passion to subdue; While life's fair calm and flattering mon To fence your mind against the stormy bl Early to hoard blest Wisdom's peace-fraug Ere yet your bark forsakes the friendly sl And the winds whistle, and the billows r Imperfect beings! weakly arm'd to bear Pleasure's soft wiles, or Sorrow's open w

Alternate shocks from different sides to feel. Now to subdue the heart, and now to steel: Yet framed with high aspirings, strong desires: How mad the attempt to quench celestial fires! Still to perfection tends the restless mind. And happiness its bright reward assign'd. And shall dull sloth obscure the heaven-beam'd ray That guides our passage to the realms of day, Cheers the faint heart, and points the dubious way? Not weakly arm'd, if ever on our guard; Nor to the worst unequal, if prepared: Not unsurmountable the task, if loved; Nor short the time, if every hour improved. O rouse thee then, nor shun the glorious strife; Extend, improve, enjoy thy hours of life: Assert thy reason, animate thy heart. And act through life's short scene the useful part: Then sleep in peace, by gentlest Memory crown'd, Till Time's vast year has fill'd its perfect round.

ON READING THE LOVE BLEGIES, 1742.

Ilither your wreaths, ye drooping Muses, bring; The short-lived rose, that blooms but to decay; Love's fragrant myrtles, that in Paphos spring; And deathless Poetry's immortal bay.

Aud O, thou gentlest shade, accept the verse, Mean though it be, and artlessly sincere, That pensive thus attends thy silent hearse, And steals, in secret shades, the pious tear.

What heart, by Heaven with generous softness bless'd,
But in thy lines its native language reads;
Where helpless Love, in classic plainness dress'd,
Gracefully mourns, and elegantly bleeds?

In vain, alas, thy fancy, fondly gay,
Traced the fair scenes of dear domestic life!
The sportive Loves forsook their wanton play,
To paint for thee the mistress, friend, and wife.

One caught from Delia's lips the winning smile;
One from her eyes his little soul inspired;
Then seized thy pen, and smoothed thy flowing style;
Then wept, and trembled, and with sobs admired.

O luckless lover! form'd for better days, For golden years, and ages long ago; For thee Persephone impatient stays, For thee the willow and the cypress grow. WRITTEN ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE, WHILE '
WERE RINGING OUT THE OLD YI

I.

Again the smoothly circling year, Beneath fair skies serene and clear, Completes its gentle round; Sweet bells in tuneful sounds expre Gay thanks for rural happiness, And months with plenty crov

II.

While yet remains the courteous gue
O, be my grateful thoughts express'
Unmix'd with grief or fear.
Farewell, ye Seasons! roll away;
I wish not to prolong your stay,
Though age brings up the re

III.

Cheerful, I trust, for future good,
The hand which all the past bestow
Nor heed life's shifting scene.
Farewell, kind Year, which still has
My days with peace, my nights with
And leavest my mind serene.

IV.

Not yet—but now impends the stroke;
The far resounding midnight clock
Has summon'd thee away:
Go, mingle with the countless past;
Till Time himself has lived his last,
In soft oblivion stay.

V.

But then with smiling grace appear,
Thou blameless, grief-unsullied Year,
O smile once more on me;
And witness that thy golden hours
Have all been prized, as summer flowers,
By some industrious bee.

TO CHEERFULNES

1.

FAIR Cheerfulness, nymph who
excel;
Ah, tell me, sweet Cheerfulness,
dwell?
I would search the world round, t
to find,
And with thy rosy chaplet my fo

IL.

When, with thee, shall I drink spring,
While birds on the branches re;
When, with thee, on the sun-sh
When all nature around us loo

w.

Nich Ever wert known with Religion to dwell, And gild with thy smiles her contemplative cell; With Innocence thou trippest light o'er the green, While the blue sky above shines all clear and serene

v.

With Philosophy oft thy gay moments were pass'd When Socrates heighten'd the pleasing repast; With Industry ever thou lovest to go, Though she carry the milk-pail, or follow the plough,

VI.

Far away from my bosom I banish'd thy foes, Nor admitted one thought that could hurt the repose:

Unresting Ambition, wild Passion's excess, Anxiety vain, and romantic Distress.

VII.

Indeed, giddy Mirth and her frolicsome crew But little, if ever, thy Rosalind knew: Yet my solitude often by thee has been bless'd; My days thou hast brighten'd, and sweeten'd my res

VIII.

Why then art thou gone? O, inconstant as fair, Art thou only a tenant of summer's soft air? Full well did I hope thy perpetual ray Should gild, with mild lustre, life's most gloomy do

IX.

Sweet songstress, dost thou with sad Philomel: To seek in new climes a more temperate sky; While the red-breast all winter continues to sin And gladdens its snows with the music of spring

X.

Thou shouldst be through life my companion a guide,

Come sickness, come sorrow, whatever betide;

Glift of heaven, to shorten our wearisome way,

Through the valley of toil, to the regions of day

XI.

But, methinks, in my heart still I hear thee ply:

I cherish one guest, who constrains thee to fly;
Gray Memory famous, like Nestor of old,
For honied discourses, and stories twice told.

XII.

Old Memory often will dwell on a tale That makes the fresh rose in thy garland grow ps Yet what can he tell, that may justly displease Thee, whose cloud-piercing eye all futurity sees

ειρημενα μυθολογευειν. Hom. Od. xii. Human nature has in all ages been the same; and has been the complaint of youth against age, and of ch fulness against melancholy, from the earliest times.

XIII.

He speaks but what gratitude dictates, and truth; Recalls the gay moments of friendship and youth: He tells of past pleasures securely our own, And so much of our journey how happily gone.

XIV.

Thou knowest, fair charmer of lineage divine, That soon the clear azure unclouded shall shine; That life's transient blessings the earnest but give Of such as from Time shall no limits receive.

XV.

O, come then, dear source of good-humour and case,

Who teachest at once to be pleased and to please; And ever, henceforth, with thy Rosalind dwell, Sweet Cheerfulness, nymph who all nymphs dost excel. Welcome, the real state of thi Ideal world, adicu! Where clouds, piled up by Fanc Hang louring o'er each vi

II.

Here the gay sunshine of content Shall gild each humble so And life steal on with gentle pao Beneath a sky serene.

III.

Hesperian trees amidst my grove
I ask not to behold,
Since, ev'n from Ovid's song, I kn

v.

Henceforth no pleasure I desire
In any wild extreme,
Such as should lull the captived mind
In a bewitching dream.

VI.

Friendship I ask, without caprice,
When faults are over-seen;
Errors on both sides mix'd with truth,
And kind good-will between:

VII.

Health, that may best its value prove,
By alight returns of pain;
Amusements to enliven life;
Crosses to prove it vain.

VIII.

Thus would I pass my hours away,
Extracting good from all,
Till Time shall from my sliding feet
Push this uncertain ball.

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY, TOWARDS TO AUTUMN.

Spring, gay season, is no more; Summer's golden reign is o'er: Soon, to close the varied year, Hoary Winter shall appear. When the northern tempests blow, When the hills are hid in snow, Where shall drooping Fancy find Scenes to soothe a rural mind?

When the busy world resort
To the gay, the festive court,
Say, within the lonely cell,
How shall sweet Contentment dwe
Shall not then the tedious day
Sad and silent wear away?

Then to turn the studious page Shall the morning hours engage; When the lamps at evening burn, Still the studious page to turn:

Or intent, with hand and eye,
The laborious loom to ply;
There a mimic spring to raise,
Vain pursuit of trifling praise.
Hence will Fancy often stray
To the circles of the gay.
—Shall she not?—then pr'ythee, bind
In thy chains the veering mind.

As it lists the wind may blow:
Fancy shall her ruler know;
Idle being, shadowy queen,
Empress of a fairy scene.
Summer, Spring, and Autumn, pass'd,
Welcome Winter comes at last;
Winter comes, with sober cheer,
Winding up the varied year.

When the verdant scenes are lost; When the hills are white with frost; Fancy's idle reign is done, Reason's empire is begun. Happy gay ones, may you be, All your hours, from sorrow free! To the happy, to the gay, Unreproved, my thoughts shall stray.

welcome, Sol's returning ray, Chirping birds, and dawning day.

Welcome, then, the sacred lore, Peaceful Wisdom's endless store; Hours inestimably dear, Welcome, happiest of the year: Then the pencil, then the loom; Welcome, every mimic bloom; Health, and industry, and peace—Muse, enough—thy labour cease.

ELEGY.

FORM'D for boundless bliss! Immortal soul, Why dost thou prompt the melancholy sigh, hile evening shades disclose the glowing pole, And silver moon-beams tremble o'er the sky?

nese glowing stars shall fade, this moon shall fall, This transitory sky shall melt away; hilst thou, triumphantly surviving all, Shalt glad expatiate in eternal day.

ckens the mind with longings vainly great,
To trace mysterious Wisdom's secret ways;
hile, chain'd and bound in this ignoble state,
Humbly it breathes sincere, imperfect praise?

r glows the beating heart with sacred fires, And longs to mingle in the worlds of love? r, foolish trembler, feeds its fond desires Of earthly good? or dreads life's ills to prove?

ack does it trace the flight of former years,
The friends lamented, and the pleasures past?
r, wing'd with forecast vain and impious fears,
Presumptuous to the cloud-hid future haste?

• Thus far was right; the rest belo Pop

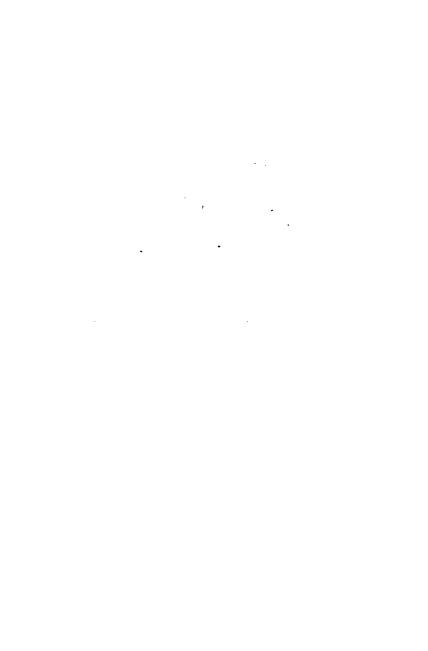
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ODE.

HAT art thou, memory of former days, hat dost so subtly touch the feeling heart? Thou know'st such pleasing sadness to impart, hat dost such thrilling dear ideas raise? ach wonted path, each once familiar place, Each object, that at first but common seem'd. eheld again, some sacredness has gain'd, Vith fancy's hues inexplicably stain'd, And by remembrance venerable deem'd. or idle workings these of fancy fond; Some solemn truth the heaven-sent visious teach, tretching our thoughts these bounded scenes beyond; And this their voice, and this the truth they teach. ime past to man should be an awful theme: No magic can the fugitive recall; f idly lost in pleasure's noon-day dream, Or vainly wasted, passion's wretched thrall: Know, thou profese, that portion was thy all; That narrow pittance of some scanty years. Was given thee, O unthinking fool! to buy The priceless treasures of eternity. Hence fond Remembrance prompts unbidden tears,

FOR Well-spent 1 mic sort winopers to the Hopes of a blest eternity behind, That every happy moment shall renew. Now, pleasing Fancy, lend thy endless clew, And through the maze of bliss our pathway g Where bloom unfading joys on every side; And each gay winding offers to the view. Here, boundless prospects opening to the sight In full celestial glory dazzling bright, Increasing still, and ever to increase; There, the soft scenes of innocence and peace; Through which, in early youth or riper age, A hand all gracious leads the virtuous few, That graceful tread on life's important stage; But fairer now, and brighter every hue: For stormy clouds too often intervene. And throw dark shadows o'er this mortal so Blast the fair buds of hope, or snatch from sig The dear companions of our social way, Absorb'd at once in death's impervious night. I are for a while_hut when eternal day

ick each human path they fondly trace, id through steady Wisdom's peaceful ways, the still vale of dear domestic life; ough the toils of virtue's arduous strife, blest paradise, this beamy crown, dless day, whose sun shall never set.



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ESSAYS

BY

CATHERINE TALBOT



LONDON:
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1080.

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CATHERINE TALBOT'S

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ESSAYS.

ī.

On the Employment of Time in the different Si tions in Society.

ONE scarce ever walked, with any set of comp by a neat cottage, but somebody or other has pressed their envy of the pastoral inhabitant. quite common, among people of easy and afficient aborious situation happier than their of and to wish an exchange with the ploughn the shepherd, or the mechanic. I have someti thought this an affectation; and a very false seement it surely is: for if all made the impresentations would be, upon the whole, the happing that they rarely prove so in fact, is the faul

the possessors, who, unable to avoid their necessary cares, and unindustrious to seek out their true advantages, sink under a weight, that they might easily balance so as not to feel it.

What is generally called the spleen, is no other than the uneasy consciousness and dissatisfaction of a mind formed for nobler pursuits and better purposes than it is ever put upon. Mere pleasure is an end too unworthy for a rational being to make its only aim: yet persons, unconstrained by necessity, are so apt to be allured by indolence and amusement, that their better faculties are seldom exercised as they ought to be; though every employment that serves no other purpose than merely to while away the present moment, gives the mind a painful sensation, that, whether distinctly attended to or not, makes up, when frequently repeated, the sum of that satiety and tediousness so often lamented in prosperous life.

There is, doubtless, to many persons a real difficulty in making the choice of an employment, when they are left perfectly at liberty to choose what they will. Necessity is, perhaps, the most satisfactory guide; and, for that reason alone, the artificer, the shepherd, and the farmer, are happier than their affluent neighbours: the poor man must either work or starve; so he makes the best of his lot, works cheerfully, and enjoys the fruit of his honest labour: the rich, the easy, the indoless, have a task as necessary, but not so obvious. There is room for some doubt and uncertainty as to the

way of setting about it. A life of sublime speculation is too high for the present state; a life of soft pleasure is too low: the right medium is a life basied in the exercise of duty; and duties there are peculiar to every situation, and an inquiry into these is the leading one.

I was drawn into this speculation, by having indulged, last summer, a whole week of idleness in a visit I made to an old acquaintance in the country. I, too, took it into my head one afternoon to envy a poor man, who was hard at work for his livelihood mending the roof of a church, where he had some danger as well as toil. I, who had been seeking out the coolest shade, and reclining on the greenest turf, amid the fragrance of a thousand fowers-I, who had leisure to attend to the warbling of birds around me, or in peace and safety might amuse myself with the liveliest wit and eloquence of Greece and Rome-would have resigned all these delights, with joy, to sit whistling at the top of a high ladder, suffering both heat and hunger.

After ruminating much on so odd a phænomenon, I could find no better way of accounting for it, than from the preferableness of any allotted employment to an inactive indulgence of selfish pleasure.

This is rather obscurely expressed: the meaning seems to be, that an inquiry into each person's peculiar situstion is his leading duty; i.e. that duty, without proper attention to which he cannot practise the rest.

Not that all amusement and indu be severely banished: when properly tionably mixed with the more serio life, they become a part of duty. Re tion are necessary to health; the el fine our imaginations; * and the most t serve to cherish our good humour alacrity of heart. The enjoyment of r fills us with gratitude to their all penser, and adds to the bands of so chain of no small strength, and do fair world that is full of them. them varies according to numberless but in no circumstance are mere a relaxation to be considered as the l or to be substituted for that real some instance or other, is allotted t

Let then the shepherd enjoy his

tion know his happiness, in possessing, with quiet obscurity, all the comforts of society and domestic life, with leisure and advantage for making the noblest improvements of the mind: let the rich and great still look higher; and, instead of repining at

" Ceremony, the idol ceremony!"

which debars them of those free and humble joys, delight themselves with their extensive power of doing good and diffusing happiness around them.

What an alternative is put into the choice of man! By employment or misuse of the faculties assigned him, he may rise to what dignity, or sink to what baseness he will, in the class of moral beings. Human existence is an inestimable gem, capable of receiving whatever polish we will please to give it; and, if heightened with the diligence it ought, will shine, in due time, with a lustre more dazzling than the stars.

It would not be fantastical (for its foundation is in truth and reality) to form a scale of nobility very different from the common distinction of birth, titles, and fortune; and wholly according to that figure persons make in the moral world, and according to their various degrees of improvement and usefulness. The change would not be total: many who are now in high life would continue so; but not a few would be strangely degraded.

Of what account, indeed, in the true system of life is he (be he what he will in greatness) who sleeps away his being in indolent amusement; whose hours hang heavy on his hands without the gaming-table, the bottle, the buffoon, or the tailor; and whose mind, amidst them all, is perpetually clouded with a splenetic discontent, the inevitable rust of unused faculties? Uncomfortable to himself, and unimportant to his fellow-creatures, whatever were his advantages of nature and fortune, he has degraded himself from them all. A day-labourer, who does his utmost at the plough and the cart, is a much more respectable being.

In this scale, the miser's plea of poverty would be readily admitted, as witnessed by his anxious look and sordid life; while the frank heart and open countenance should be set down for the merit of a plum.

Even the miser himself has a class of inferiors, and that without speaking of the downright vicious, who come under another kind of consideration. These are the oyster-livers; such as lose the very use of their limbs from mere laziness, and waste year after year, fixed to one uncomfortable spot, where they eat and drink, sleep and grumble on; while the duty of their situation, properly attended to, would make them happy in themselves, and a happiness to others. Were the pearl taken out of that unsightly shell, what a circulation of riches and orna-

ments might it make to society! But while these poor animals can fatten on their barren rock, it matters not to them.

If cowardice sinks persons lower than all other vises, beneath even these will come in the poor slaves of false shame, the mean deserters of their duty. How many, that now pass for men of homour and spirit, would appear more weak and timorous than female fear: some not daring to refuse a challenge; others drinking against inclination, or affronting religion against their own consciences; or prodigal of health and fortune, from merely wanting strength to resist the vain current of fashion! No black slave, sold in a market, is so far from liberty as every one of these.

In numberless such ways does the bewildered race of man deviate from the paths of felicity and glory, and childishly squander away inestimable advantages: for just in proportion to the improvement of those faculties with which Heaven has intrusted us, our beings are ennobled, and our happiness heightened. The enjoyments of a mere animal existence are flat and low; the comforts of plain ordinary life, in those who have some feelings of the connexions of society, but no idea of any thing higher, rise in the next degree: the pleasures of an improved imagination take in a circle vastly wider and more fair: the joys of a benevolent heart, animated by an active diligent spirit, refined sentiments, and affections justly warm, exceed the most gay imagination. в 2

of Christian duty, ascellaming to that point from which a claim a near alliance with superior natures.

II.

On true Politeness.

POLITENESS is the most agreeable band of society, and I cannot help attributing more ill consequences to the general disregard of it, than people, at present, are apt to attend to. Perhaps it may be so entirely laid aside by the time that this manuscript comes into any body's hand, that the page, which preserves some faint outlines of its resemblance, may be thought no unuseful one; or, at least by the lovers of antiquity, may be read with pleasure, as containing some curious remains of an elegant art; an art that humanized the world for many years, till the fine spirits of the present age thought fit to throw it off, as a narrow restraint and a mean prejudice of education.

Politeness is the just medium between form and rudeness; it is the consequence of a benevolent nature, which shows itself to general acquaintance, in an obliging, unconstrained civility, as it does to more particular ones, in distinguished acts of kindness. This good nature must be directed by a justness of sense and a quickness of discern-

ment, that knows how to use every opportunity of exercising it, and to proportion the instances of it to every character and situation. It is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence, upon every irregularity of the temper, which, in obedience to them, is forced to accommodate itself even to the fautastic laws which custom and fashion have established, if, by that means it can procure, in any degree, the satisfaction or good opinion of any part of mankind: thus paying an obliging deference to their judgment, so far as it is not inconsistent with the digher obligations of virtue and religion.

This must be accompanied with an elegance of taste, and a delicacy observant of the least trifles which tend to please or to oblige; and though its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it can scarce be perfected without a complete knowledge of the world.

In society it is the medium that blends all different tempers into the most pleasing harmony, while it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation: it represes the ambition of shining alone, and increases the desire of being mutually agreeable: it takes off the edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit: it preserves a proper subordination amongst all ranks of people, and can reconcile a perfect ease with the most exact propriety.

To superiors it appears in a respectful freedom;

no greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity.

To inferiors it shows itself in an unassuming good nature: its aim is to raise them to you, not to let you down to them: it at once maintains the dignity of your station, and expresses the goodness of your heart.

To equals it is every thing that is charming: it studies their inclinations, prevents their desires, attends to every little exactness of behaviour, and all the time appears perfectly disengaged and careless.

Such, and so amiable is true politoness, by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes; and, by the generality of mankind, confined within the narrow bounds of mere good breeding, which, in truth, is only one instance of it.

There is a kind of character, which does not in the least deserve to be reckoned polite, though it is exact in every punctilio of behaviour; such as would not, for the world, omit paying you the civility of a bow, or fail in the least circumstance of decorum: but then, these people do this so merely for their own sake, that whether you are pleased or embarrassed with it, is little of their care; they have performed their own parts and are satisfied. One there is, who says more civil things than half manking besides, and yet, is "so obliging that he never obliged:" for while he is paying the highest

but, as insignmean.

own sake, let you go home out or nucevery one, in their turn, finding his just as variable as his interest, no one self obliged to him for it.

This, then, is a proof, that true poli great end is giving real pleasure, can h only in a virtuous and benevolent he is not all; it must observe propriety a character of perfect good nature, have every thing about it happy or a character greatly to be beloved, claim to the title of politeness: sw no notion of freedom without nois and by taking off every proper rest ing themselves to the level of the even lessen the pleasure these we company of their superiors.

menthes too loved to have

a few reflections will show this but too plainly. That the government of states and kingdoms should be placed in a few hands, was, in the earliest ages of the world, found necessary to the well-being of society. Power gave a kind of sanction to the persons in whose hands it was vested; and when the people's minds were awed into obedience, there was the less need of punishments to restrain their actions: each various rank of them viewed, with profound respect, that which was most regularly beautiful; and the pile of government rose in due proportion, with harmony in all its parts.

Very different is the present scene, where all sorts of people put themselves upon a level; where the meanest and most ignorant censure without reserve the greatest and the wisest; where the sublimest subjects are scanned without reverence, the softest treated without delicacy.

There was a time, when, from this principle of politeness, our sex received a thousand delicate distinctions, which made us, as it were, amends for our exclusion from the more shining and tunultuous scenes of life. Perhaps it is a good deal our own fault, that within some years, the manner of treating us has been entirely altered. When the fine lady becomes a hoyden, no wonder if the fine gentleman behaves to her like a clown. When seeple go out of their own proper character, it is like what silly folks imagine about going out of the conjurer's circle; beyond those limits you must expect no mercy.

It would be endless to reckon up the various errors on each side of true politeness, which form humourists and flatterers, characters of blunt of ceremonious impertinence. But, that I may give as true a standard of the thing itself, as I am capable of doing. I will conclude my paper with the character of Cynthio, from whose conversation and behaviour I have possibly collected most of the hints which form it. Cynthio has added to his natural sense a thorough knowledge of the world; by which he has attained that masterly ease in behaviour, and that graceful carelessness of manner, that nobody i know possesses in so high a degree. You may see that his politeness flows from something superior to the little forms of custom; from a humane and benevolent heart, directed by a judgment that always seizes what is just and proper, and formed into such an habitual good breeding, that no forced attention even puts you in mind, at the time, that Cynthio is taking pains to entertain you, though, upon recollection, you find him to be, for that very reason, a man of the completest politeness.

His conversation is always suited to the company he is in, yet so as never to depart from the propriety of his own character. As he is naturally indolent, he is generally the least talkative of the set; but he makes up for this by expressing more in a few words than the generality of people do in a great many sentences. He is formed, indeed, for making conversation agreeable; since he has good nature, which makes him place every thing that can have a share in it in the most favourable light

that it is capable of, and a turn of humour, that can put the most trifling subject in some amusing point of view.

In a large company Cynthio was never known to engross the whole attention to some one fawearite subject which could suit with only a part of it; or to dictate, even in a small one. With a very quick discernment, to avoid speaking or thinking severely of the many faults and follies this worldabounds with, is a proof of an excellent temper too, which can be no way constantly supported, and made, in its effects, consistent with itself, but upon the basis of serious principles.

. This then is the support of Cynthio's chapacter, and this it is that regulates his actions. men where his natural inclination would direct' bim differently. Thus, when the welfare of the mblic is concerned, he can assume a strictness,' hat carries great awe with it, and a severity, that s more constitutional good nature would be hurt' w, though it answers the most valuable ends of) rue humanity. Thus his natural indolence is alawed to show itself only in things of trifling consequence, or such as he thinks so, because they regard only himself; but whenever he has any opportunity of serving a friend, or doing a worthy action, nobody is so ready, so vigilant, so active, so constant in the pursuit, which is seldom unsucressful, because he has a useful good sense that firects him to the properest methods of proceedng. Upon such an occasion, not the longest jourupon telling a disagreeable t of the wonders, which a good well directed, can perform; oblige people by telling the faults.

I perceive I have wandere tion; which was only to give this character, as influence whose consequence is such is the source of politeness. I with it, I must add this one that though many people a good qualities and accomp Cynthio, yet I never saw the tioned, or so agreeably blend that whole behaviour, that I example for an essay on this

III.

On the Accommodation of the Temper to Circum-

LET me be allowed to make a new word, and let that word be accommodableness. .

The disposition of mind, I mean by that word to express, is of such constant and universal use, that it is certainly worth while to distinguish it by a name of its own: we English have not much of it in our nature, and therefore it is no wonder we have not an expression to suit it. It is such a flexibility of mind, as hinders the least struggle between reason and temper: it is the very height and perfection of good humour, shown as well in an instantaneous transition from mirth to seriousness, when that is best suited to the place and people, as it is in the liveliest flashes of gaiety: it is an art of sitting so loose from our own humours and designs, that the mere having expected, or intended, or wished a thing to be otherwise than it is, shall not, for a moment, ruffle our brows, or discompose our thoughts. It is an art, for it requires time and pains to perfect it.

All this is indeed included in what has been said of politeness, but it is worth dwelling upon in a new light. It is the means of making every trifling occurrence in life of some use to us; for want of it, liking and luck are ever at cross purposes. Today we are sad: and then if we fall into a joint company, all their mirth seems displaced, and but grates upon our fancy: to-morrow, we are as whimsically determined to be merry; and then, how unsuited is our temper to the scenes of sad improvement we so often meet with! How unfit are we then to commiserate the wretched, or to draw just considerations from the melancholy side of life!

This body, by some accident or other, we look apon in a light of prejudice: a foolish story told of them, or perhaps a disagreeable look, or a peculiar trick, makes us lose all the advantage that might be had, by attending to their more valuable qualifications: for every body has some.—Another we despise, merely for our own ignorance of their worth. We look upon persons in a light of burlesque, from some ridiculous circumstance; when, perhaps, their serious character has something really good in it that is quite passed over. I have falt it myself often, and that makes me dwell upon experience.

I have read somewhere a fairy story, in which a princess is described, born under such a charm, that till she came to a certain age it was impossible

she should ever enjoy any lasting satisfaction. The happiness of her ensuing life depended upon the observing this condition; and for that reason those fairies, who had the care of her education, were most exact in their attention to it. Did she begin to take pleasure in any employment? It was immediately changed, and her application acalled off to some new one: as soon as she had got over the difficulties of that, she was engaged in a third's and so on, year after year, till she was quite grown up. If any amusement was proposed, if she began to taste the least delight; in the splendour of a public show, or the gaiety of a rural landscape, the scene was immediately shifted, and a dull solifude took the place of what had charmed her.

Such is our situation in this world. In such a case, all the poor princess had for it, was to shift her inclinations as fast as the fairies could her amusements; and when she had learned to do this I think indeed, one might answer for it, that the rest of her life could not fail to be happy.

Our humours and dispositions are certainly as various as the accidents that happen to exercise them; but then, the misfortune is, that they are frequently misplaced. I have often been in a humour for moralizing and improving, when my fancy had much more properly been filled with gay images of an assembly: then, that idleness might not lose its due, how frequently have my thoughts wandered from a philosophical lecture, to a crowded

park; nay, sometimes from a sermon to a ball-

To continue always in the same turn of humour, be it ever so graceful on some occasions, is nothing better than dancing smoothly out of time. Some people have such an eternal simper upon their face, that they will tell you the most melancholy story, or express the most pathetic concern, with a smile: others have such an earnest attention, that they will listen to a gossip's tale with the gravity of a philosopher.

All have some good qualities; something or other, in their character or conversation, that, rightly attended to, we may be the better for. When in company with people of mere good humour, we should weaken all the mirthful faculties of our mind, and take this time for unbending our more serious thoughts. We are not to consider whether one is of a proper rank, or another of an agreeable aspect, or whether we might not be better employed in our closets, or better engaged in company elsewhere: but accommodate ourselves to the present situation, and make the best of it. Be the company ever so dull, they are human creatures at least, capable of feeling pleasure or uneasiness, in some degree, of being obliged or disobliged : and, therefore, if we are ever so dissatisfied ourselves. if we may contribute any way to the satisfaction of our stupid companions, good nature will find it no disagreeable employment, and it may well enough nt in the balance against most of those we are ngry to be interrupted in.

lad I set my heart on such a favourite scheme; am I disappointed? This is what children well cated can bear with great good humour, and rewarded with sugar-plums. Shall people then, have the use of reason, and the pleasure of ection upon reasonable actions, be more childish a they, and add one disagreeable thing to aner, by tying ill humour to the heels of disointment?

he mind, that is absolutely wedded to its own nions, will cherish them to a degree of folly l obstinacy that would be inconceivable but for quent instances—very frequent indeed in this ntry, which is reckoned, I believe justly, to and in humourists, more than almost any nan of the habitable globe. Whether this be one xt attending on the glorious stubbornness of the rit of liberty, or whether we take some tincture m the November sullenness of the climate, I ow not: but our want of accommodableness is y perceivable in the reception which our comon people usually give to foreigners: their lanage is ridiculed; their manners observed with a ughty kind of contempt; all minds seem to sit of to them, as if they were enemies, encroachers. at have nothing to do amongst us, no right to e us trouble, or put us out of our way.

If we would but learn to put ourselves a little in

they are no companion monstrous in a foreigner to speak oddly, when we are so perfectly acquain ourselves. We are prodigiously incline people impertinent, for asking questions we know very well ourselves, unless happen to be in a humour of dictati structing; and then it is a crime of the s for people to know any thing before-har have a mind to tell them.

Thus we forget our first opinions things, and people, and wonder that of at first sight, perceive them in the saw we do, just at that time; though per dint of reflection that we have place It may, however, be speaking too ge we. I am sure I have often exper myself.

-- the distinguishing chara-

ere still remains enough to take off all the if what we do, or submit to, thus unwillingly; a principle of folly, that makes us feel so a dislike, is the same in both: only this reature deserved pity, while in us it is a of choice.

ĮV.

On Delicacy of Feeling.

THERE is no one disposition of the human heart that affords such exquisite pleasure or pain, as that which we call delicacy: it is the polish of the mind, soiled by the least breath, and affected by the slightest touch. A delicate turn of thought is, in some cases, extremely agreeable, is the sign of a valuable mind, (for base metals are not capable of receiving any great degree of polish) but will not go half so well through the world, as that which is more plain and rough.

Yet, as there is something in this disposition peculiarly elegant and amiable, people are apt to encourage themselves in it, till, from a grace, it becomes a weakness, and diffuses unhappiness to all around them, who must weigh with the exactest care all their words and actions; and it is extremely possible, that all their care may not be enough to prevent giving some grievous offence, which they never meant, and which will express tiself in perpetual smartnesses, or an eternal flow of tears, according as the constitution of the deli-

cate person inclines to anger or to melance the latter case, it is more unhappy than in mer: for hasty anger is easily passed off; body of good nature can bear to see a perfected, in the most painful manner, by trifling, as they may be guilty of every without knowing any thing of the matter.

This consideration should make us e careful in our behaviour to those among we live. Perhaps some little heedlessness may seem a most cruel slight to one we it tend to grieve, and oppress a worthy me the most melancholy dejection. A carele spoken quite at random, or merely by regive a delicate heart the most anxious and those of us who have the most prude good nature, say and do a hundred thing way of talking about characters we know or behaving towards those to whom we it tend, that have much more grievous consthan we are aware of.

But then, on the other hand, we should selves, most strictly guard against all excess delicacy; and though we cannot help feelir in the quickest manner for the moment, warm our reason against our feeling, and no imagination to indulge it, and nurse it u misery: for misery, if indulged, it will occasion; since an excess of delicacy is the of constant dissatisfaction, through too

of something every way higher than is to

person of delicate judgment sees every thing, ere, with a microscopic eye; so that what be a pleasing object to a common spectator, im, unsupportably coarse and disagreeable, soon of lively and delicate imagination discommon routine of comfort and satisfacted seeks for happiness in an airy sphere not to give it; or pursues misery through a dendless maze, which at every turning nore inextricable. By this refined delicacy ment, to put ourselves on so different a from the rest of the world, that it is scarce we should ever understand one another, is n vexation.

endships especially, this excess of delicacy of fatal ill consequence: from hence spring us and jealousies; from hence arise doubts juiets that know no end, unless it be, that en quite weary out the patience of the whom they are thus perpetually teazing affection. I have known instances of this at are sufficient warnings against it.

or the affairs of common life, they can go on, where every little nicety is to be into a matter of importance. I knew a good, agreeable, sensible, and fond of each the highest degree; but where each waa so delicate, and so tender of the delicacy at that they could never talk to one anothserious business, but were forced to tran by means of a third person, a man of pla and a common friend to all.

Poor Lucius! how much constraint and easiness does he suffer from the delicacy ceeds from having a genius infinitely su most he meets with! By having a mind low enjoyments of this state of being, he is of many hours of most innocent cheerfulne other people are happy in. He has an un ing so fitted for the deepest researches sublimest speculations, that the common a engagements of life seem vastly beneath l has a delicacy, in his turn of mind, that i every day by the less refined behaviour versation of the generality of mankind; as be a very chosen society indeed, that he his beloved solitude. This disposition give reservedness, that, in another character, n for pride, as it makes him mix less freely companies that he is unavoidably ens However, it has certainly this ill conseque it makes his virtues of less extensive influ they would be if they were more general He is naturally extremely grave, and, perh the assistance of reason and experienc prove the insufficiency of any pleasures (ments, in this life, to make us happy, this ness is heightened so as to give himsel shoomy moment, though other people never feel the effect of it, by any ill humour or severity towards them. A turn of mind, so superior to any of the common occurrences or amusements of life, and seldom be much affected or enlivened by them?: but as so excellent an understanding must have the ruest taste for real wit, so no one has a more lively sense of all that is peculiarly just and delicate. These pleasures, however, are little compensations by the much more frequent disgusts to which the same turn of mind renders him liable. Happy, thrice happy, are those humble people, whose sensations are fitted to the world they live in !

· Those pleasures, which the imagination greatly neightens, it will certainly make us pay dear enough for: since the pain of parting with them will be greatly increased, in full proportion, not to their value, but to our enjoyment. The world was intended to be just what it is; and there is no likelihood of our succeeding in the romantic scheme of raising it above what it is. To distract ourselves with a continual succession of eager hopes and anxious fears, is a folly destructive to our nature and to the very end of our being. We are formed for moderate sensations either of pain or pleasure; to feel such degrees of uneasiness only as we are very able to support; and to enjoy such a measure of happiness, as we may easily resign. nay thankfully too, when religion has opened the prospect to a brighter scene; to meet with many rubs and difficulties, which we must get over, or as is consistent with our

V.

On the Employment of Wealth.

THE advantages of frugality do not deserve to be less considered than those of generosity; for where, alas! shall bounty find its necessary fund if thoughtless prodigality has squandered it away? hear of thousands and ten thousands spent by people who, in the midst of immense riches, reduce themselves to all the shifts and pinches of a narrow fortune. I know not how to recover my astonishment at the infatuation that leads them to annihilate such treasures; for it may really be called annihilating them, when they are spent to no one good purpose, and leave no one honourable memorial behind them. A fortune thus lavished away becomes the prey of the worthless, and is like a quantity of gold dust dispersed uselessly in the air. that might have been melted down, and formed into regal crowns and monuments of glory.

I think one now scarcely ever hears an immense fortune named, but somebody adds, with a shake of the head—It is easily run out—He is in very ner-row circumstances—They are in great straits.—Ask the occasion, and you will find few instances of

real generosity, or public spirit, or even of a well-judged magnificence; but all has gone amongst voters, fiddlers, table companions, profuse servants, dishonest stewards, and a strange rabble of people, that are every one of them the worse for it. This is pitiable; and for this, and nothing else, a man of quality is reduced to all the meannesses imaginable: he must be dependent; he must coart the smiles of power; he must often be rapacious and dishonest.

I remember a friend of mine had once an excellent conceit of a cave, at the upper end of which were two enchanted glasses, with curtains drawn before them, that were to be consulted every evening in order for the forming a judgment of the actions of the day. The first glass showed what they might have been, and what effects such and such opportunities ought to have produced: when the curtain was undrawn before the other, It showed, tout au naturel, what they had been. Were one to contemplate, in these glasses, on the spending one of those great estates, which reduce our fine people to such difficulties, what a coup d'eil the first would present! A wide track of country adorned and improved; a thousand honest families flourishing on their well-cultivated farms: I cannot tell whether one should not see a church or two rising in a plain sort of majesty amidst the landscape: in another part of it would appear. manufactures encouraged, poverty, relieved, and multitudes of people praying for the welfare of the happy master; his tradesmen, his domestics. every body that had any connexion with him, would appear with a cheerful and a grateful air: they, in their turns, would dispense good and happiness to all with whom they had any concern. At the family seat would be seen an unassuming grandeur, and an honest hospitality, free from profuseness and intemperance. One may say, as of hamlet's two pictures,

" Such should be greatness:—Now behold what follows:
For here is Fortune, like a mildew'd ear,
Rlasting each wholesome grain."

In the true historical glass what may we see? Perhaps a pack of hounds, a cellar, an election: perhaps a gaming-table, with all those hellish faces that surround it: an artful director, perhaps, and an indolent pupil. Oppression gripes every poor wretch within its grasp, and these again oppress their own inferiors and dependents: all look hopeless and joyless, and every look seems to conceal a secret murmur. On the fore-ground, perhaps, there stands a magnificent palace, in the Italian taste; innumerable temples, obelisks, and statues rise among the woods; and never were Flora and Pomona, Venus and Diana, with all the train of fabulous divinities, more expensively honoured in Greece and Rome, than in these fairy scenes. The church, in the mean time, stands with a wooden tower, the fields are poorly cultivated, the neighbourhood discontented, and ever upon the catch toand all possible faults in those proud great ones, with whom they have no cheerful friendly intercourse. Fine clothes and costly jewels gli haps, in some part of the glass; but how adorn faces grown wan with inward can gracefulness to those who must always humbled air of inferiority when they hap meet the eye of their unpaid tradeamen, we milies are starving upon their account?

The man of thoughtless good nature, vishes his money to a hundred poor detthe genteel phrase to call those that have r selves into misery from mere worthlessness when wretches, that deserved only punish ignominy, have drained this generous sk he had to bestow, to what grief is he expo he meets with an object of real distress, has, perhaps, been ruined through his me is forced to say, with the fine gentleman, mont and Fletcher.

" I wanted whence to give it, yet his eyes Spoke for him! These I could have have a With some unfruitful sorrow!"

Would it not be quite worth while for to avoid such uneasinesses as these, when done merely by a little thought and a litt Methinks, an exactness of method, and a review of our affairs, would make every fectly easy. Might it not be possible for fortune to divide his estate into several parcels; and, appropriating each to its purpose, spend it, within those bounds,

and with an air as open, as the thoughtless prodigal; and yet be sure, by this means, never to run out, and never to bestow upon any one article more than it deserved?

I will suppose myself at this present possessed of ten thousand a year: nor will the supposition make me at all vain, gentle reader; since it implies but the being a steward to other people, and a slave to propriety. O, it is ten times the more indolent thing to have but a little, and yet the same kind of management is required in all. Well; but what shall I do with this estate of mine? First of all I buy me a large and pompous account book: then I consider how much must necessarily be employed in mere living. and I write down the sum total on the first page: this is afterwards subdivided into its proper distinct articles; and each of them has a page allotted to itself. And here it must be observed, that there are innumerable proprieties of appearance. as indispensably necessary to the rich man, as bare food and clothing to the poor. The other pages of the book must each have their title at top, as thus: Charities 10001. - For the service of my friends and of the public, 1000l.—For proper improvements of my houses, gardens, estates, 1000l. and so on. I doubt whether knick-knacks, cabinets, or any immoderate expenses in jewels, plate, or pictures, would find a place in such a list as this.

It would surely be easy, by frequently comparing the daily articles of expense under each head, with the determination marked at top, to keep every one ease and propriety in trifling expenses.

If people have any esteem for frugalit should try to do it honour, by showing that i inconsistent with a becoming and a generous I have heard very many people accused of ousness, and generally hated, under that character, who, perhaps, had no principle kind, and who threw away often as muc foolish expenses, that had not struck them saving view, as they piuched out of others made them look paltry and mean in the ew world. Few people, I believe, are heartily throughout; and this makes it so easy for flatter themselves that they are not taint with a vice, the very notion of which won them; and for those in the other extreme deceive themselves in the same sort: ----- the old proverb.

VI.

On the Importance of Riches.

TERE are a great many things that sound mighty wil in the declamatory way, and yet have no sort f truth and justness in them. The equality heseen poverty and riches, or, rather, the superior ivantages of the former, is a pretty philosophical radox that I could never comprehend. I will ant, very readily, that the short sleeps of a lawring man are full as sweet and wholesome as e slumbers indulged upon down beds and under lded roofs: I will readily confess, that let people we never so many apartments, they can be but in me at a time: and, in a word, that the luxury and geantry that riches bring with them is despicable, infinitely less eligible, than the simplicity of siner life. It must be owned, too, that greatness ad fortune place people in the midst of innumeble difficulties; and that they are severely accounthe for all those advantages they neglect to imrove. But so, indeed, a man is a more accountale creature than a hog; and yet none but a ryllus. I believe, would prefer the situation of the tter.

and honours, that they possess lege, and ought to exert them. These people have advantages being to the noblest purposes; degree of pains and application poor artificer a daily provision featily, they may become a kind to their fellow-creatures, and happiness superior to all pleasur

It is a pretty thought of Seni chant, whose goods are consider ble of the blessing of a fair w sage, than he that has only ball commodity in the vessel, so life i by men, according to the differ minds. Those of indigent for obliged to have theirs too much tention to provide the low nece deed, riches and greatness are a

The rich, the great, who act an insignificant part a life, are the most despicable wretches of the whole creation; while the poor, the mean, the leapised part of mankind, who live up to the height of their capacity and opportunities, are noble, wantable, and happy.

Is it not amazing that creatures, so fond of preminence and distinction, so biassed by interest, so lazzled by fortune, as all the race of men are. **bould so blindly trample under foot the only true** idvantages of fortune; the only pre-eminence, the mly honour, the highest joy, the brightest lustre. hat all those gay things they pursue could bestow ipon them? Where is the beauty to be found, hat will choose to waste her youth where no eye an behold her? Where is the man of wit that will sit down contented with his own admiration. and lock up his papers in a chest for his own priate reading? Yet the covetous man, as far as in im lies, conceals the advantage he is fondest of and puts himself, as much as possible, upon a level with that poverty he despises. Good Heaven! that cople should not rather choose to lay hold on every onest means that can raise them into a kind of Enerior being! Who would not go through toil. nd nain, and danger, to attain so glorious a preminence, an honour beyond the Olympic crown of And yet it is but at the expense of a little penness of heart, a little thought and contrivance, little honest generous industry in bestowing prorly, that a man of rank and fortune may shine

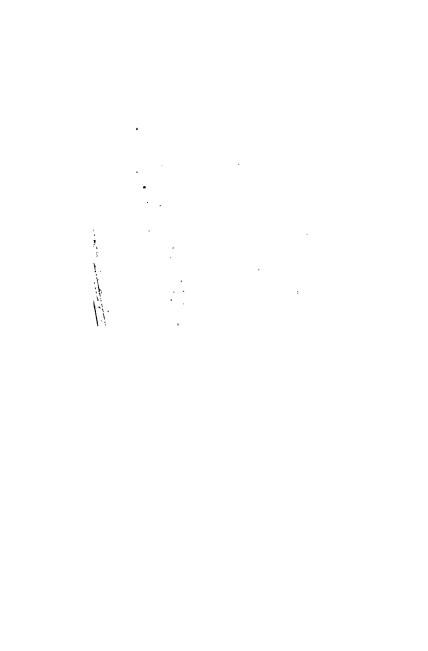
out like the sun, and see a gay world flourishing under his cheerful influence.

All these things have been said a hundred times. The miser has been painted in all his unamiable colours, and the prodigal has had his lecture too; but still, methinks, there is a great deal wanting, and I do not know how to express it: the indolant, the thoughtless people of fortune, want to be put in mind of their own importance. Some are so lazy, some so careless, and some even so humble, that they never once think of themselves as having any place to fill, or any duty to perform, beyond the immediate calls of domestic life. Alas! what a mistake is this; and what noble opportunities de they neglect!

But what must people do? They must awaken in their minds that principle of activity and industry which is the source of every thing excellent and praise-worthy; they should exert themselves in every way, improve every occasion, employ every moment. Let the great survey the whole scene, the whole sphere of their influence, as the master-farmer, from a rising ground, overlooks the whole of his estate. The labouring hinds, indeed, are confined to a spot; they have their daily task appointed, and, when that is done, may lay them down to sleep without a farther care: but the master must awake, must consider and deliberate: this spot of ground wants better cultivation; that must be laid out to more advantage; a shade would be becoming

here; in yonder place I mean to lead a little rivulet, that wanders near it, to refresh those parched meadows: those husbandmen should be encouraged; these should be rewarded. A word, a look, a gesture from a superior, is of importance. Thus might the rich, the great, the powerful, consider in like manner: "This part of my fortune will be nobly employed in relieving the miserable; that, in works of public generosity; so much in procuring the agreeable ornaments of life; in this manner I may encourage the elegant arts; by this way I may act off my own character to the best advantage: and, by making myself beloved and respected, I shall consequently gain an honest influence over such as may be bettered by my good example; my advice, my approbation, will be useful in such a case; in this I may do honour to my country; in shat"—Up and employ yourselves, you who are lolling in easy chairs, amusing away your lives over French novels, wasting your time in fruitless theory, or your fortunes in riotous excesses: remember you have an important part to act. It is in your own choice whether you will be the figure in the tapestry, the animated chair, or flower-pot, or the hero that draws the whole attention of the theatre. and goes off with a general plaudit.

[•] See Spectator, No. 22.



VII.

On Literary Composition.

WITHOUT at all pretending to criticism, it is almost impossible to read a variety of books, and not form some reflections on the variety of style in which they are written. One of the first and most obvious to me is, that the plainest and least ornamented style is ever the most agreeable to that general taste, which is certainly the best rule by which an author can form himself. Particular ornaments will not more please some fancies, than they will displease others: the flowery epitheted way of writing wearies the imagination, by presenting it with a multitude of wrong objects, in way of simile and illustration, before it has half informed the understanding of what was its main purpose.

The human mind has so long a journey to take in search of knowledge, that it grows peevish at being led out of the way, every minute, to look at prospects, or gather daisies. The original use of epithets was to paint ideas stronger upon the mind. sentation of sensible objects, noninto hieroglyphics, and last of all in cipher.

The common sort of metaphorical very disagreeable. When we would i fancies with the idea of a cool limp stream, to have a piece of crystal thi one's way is quite provoking. I ren lines in a very good poem that often off

----and strew
Her silver tresses in the crystal tide.

Would not the image be more natur less clatter in one's head, thus:

 obliged to attend to the minutest strictness of grammar; since whatever serves to make his composition most clear and intelligible, contributes to the giving it the greatest beauty it can possibly have. For this reason, too long sentences, and the intricacles of parentheses ought, by all means, to be avoided, however the sun-like genius of same authors may have gilded those clouds into beauty.

. This one rule of perspicuity will hold good for all sorts of people, from those of mere business to those of absolute speculation. The next is, that writers put no constraint upon their natural turn of mind, which will always give a truer spirit than is within the reach of any art. Yet often from an admiration of that in others, which is utterly unsuitable to themselves, they put on a character in writing, that is mighty difficult to support throughout. The affectation of wit and humour leads into that low burlesque, which is, of all dulness, the most disagreeable. Unable to reach the true sublime. they are willing to bring it down to their own pitch; hence spring such multitudes of travesties. parodies, and such like perversions of passages really fine; when, if they can but present you with low, and often dirty images, instead of such as are noble and beautiful, yet in such a manner, as strongly to put you in mind of the difference, all the way, they are greatly conceited of their own ingenuity. Where any of these have real humous in them. it must arise from some particular occasion, and is by no means inherent in that kind of composition.

But while little wits think that lowering debasing the sublime is being witty, those, who, with an exalted genius, have a sportive liveliness of temper, can find means of ennobling their easiest and lightest compositions. Of all people Mr. Prior has succeeded the best in this way, if he had not, now and then, allowed his pen too much licence for the demureness of the Muse. As Homer's dreams were the dreams of Jupiter, so Prior's gaieties are the sportings of Apollo; and where he introduces his fabled deities, in a mirthful scene; it is not by depressing them to the level of merry mortals, but by employing (to use the phrase of an excellent modern author) "a new species of the sublime that has, hitherto, received no name."

There is a celebrated passage in Longinus, in which he prefers, upon the whole, a mixture of striking faults and beauties, to the flat correctness of an uncensurable, laboured author. One of the books, which, to those, who, for want of translations, can know little of Isocrates and Demosthenes, he has most convincingly proved the justness of this determination, is Dr. Barrow's Sermons, who seems most exactly to answer what Longinus says of the irresistible Greek orator. His expressions are five quently singular; and though crowded together, are so poured out from the abundance of one of the best

nearts, that the finest turned periods are insipid in comparison. His genius too, whatever were the littlenesses of language in those days, was certainly poetical and noble; and his imagination so warmed and delighted with the fairest view of swary thing in the scheme of Providence, that redigion wears, through every page of his, its proper grace.

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VIII.

On Prior's Henry and Emma.

To enliven an airing the other morning, Prior's Henry and Emma was read aloud to the company; and the different sentiments they expressed upon it, determined me to put down my own upon paper; as that poem has always been a favourite with me, and yet wants, I think, a good deal of explanation and excuse.

The tale is introduced in a way so much more lateresting than one commonly meets with in pastoral dialogues, with circumstances of such tenderness and delicacy, and images so smiling and engaging, that one is concerned, before his characters have said a word, to have them keep up to the ideas which partial imagination has formed of each. That of Emma is distinguished by something so peculiarly mild and affectionate, that if we do not attend to this as her chief characteristic, we shall be apt to be surprised at many of her most beautiful sentiments, as too different from the common ways of thinking on such occasions.

Emma, susceptible of soft impressions beyond

encuiscives, in such a space o occasions. By the character their passion seems to have just esteem; and the known of Henry had produced in h limited confidence, that it wa suspect him of any crime. he accuses himself, in the murderer; but it was easy furnish him with sufficient ex settled state of the island i torn by so many and so fierce young and brave in perpetu was called valour in one party be branded as murder. In t rests were filled with genero brave mixed with the vile, fr tune, not of crimes.

inconstancy. In spite of all prejudice, there is certainly a want of all spirit and delicacy in it. If what he told her was fact, he could not be faultless, nor could her affection continue to be innocent: the same mild benevolence to her rival might surely have been expressed, without the extravagance of desiring to attend them as a servant. Permit me to insert the alteration here.

"Go then, while I, in hopeless absence, prove, By what I shall endure, how much I love. This potent beauty, this triumphant fair, This happy object of our different care-Her shall my thoughts through various life attend, With all the kindness of the fondest friend. · Loved for thy sake, howe'er her haughty scorn May triumph o'er me as a thing forlorn; For her my warmest wishes shall be made, And Heaven implored for blessings on her head. O may she never feel a pain like mine! Never-for then a double guilt were thine. . Here must I stay: like thought, were actions free, No wrongs, no hardships, should divorce from thee, Thy Emma-not a rival's company: But wandering thoughts and anxious cares are now All that a rigid virtue will allow. Go happy then; forget the wretch you leave, Nor for a woman's weakness vainly grieve. Thy fate decreed thee false; the same decree Entail'd a hopeless constancy to me."

The few following lines in the same speech are so easily adapted to these, that the change in them is not worth mentioning.

There is something infinitely beautiful in all the

tenderness are the ...

love: the strains of adoration in bear

lyre, and are ill addressed to human imperteur. Those imagined everlasting attachments, that rel against mortality; those infinite ideas, that grasp all excellence in one finite object—are fatal absuraties, that have both their guilt and punishment.

This kind of sentiment is quite unnecessary: I may survey those we love, surrounded with all t frailties and imperfections of human nature, a yet be partial to these imperfections as we are our own. Pity does but endear the tender where it is not incompatible with esteem. 'pleasures of giving and receiving from the dew ject of affection, mutual protection, comfort, relief, are the joys that we are formed most sible of; as such a disposition was, in our p situation, most necessary for the preservation happiness of society.

of this kind of sentime

have their merit and their reward.

led caprice, that shows its kindness,

Jane Shore.

rlasting wailings and complainings,"

to this system, as it is to the happiver is honoured by its persecution; from a failure in point of confidence, once the honour of a character, justly thy, is seriously engaged, should renas a rock. This is prettily expressed in:

thy verse, Who heeds, said I, or there his glances flew? or ever be his eye, heart to me is ever true!"

reat, as great a contradiction to the of temper that Prior describes, is letestation, upon even just cause of 1 so much too often verifies the poet's

as no curse like love to hatred turn'd, I fury like a woman scorn'd."

of anger can justly proceed only from premeditated injury can proceed from acter as could ever be the object of a we; and, therefore, in this last, the es on a person's own mistaken choice, refore, no more reason to be angry with the other for not acting up to an ideal perfection, than to be displeased at any other instance of wrong behaviour in those who never were the objects of any just partiality.

But if the character be mixed; faulty indeed, but not totally bad—pity, methinks, should gladly take hold on the occasion, and banish at once all bitterness of resentment: religion itself forbids the spirit of uncharitable anger and revenge. When there has ever been a real affection, it can never, I fancy, be so rooted out as to give place to those hateful emotions.

Whoever, then, yield up their minds to these excesses, must confess their former partiality to have been founded merely in pride, vanity, and selfishness; for kindness and benevolence will never cease to exist, whilst their objects remain in any degree unchanged. If those objects were only our dear selves, every disappointment of our pride. interest, and vanity, will wound us to the heart: but if our thoughts had a more generous aim: if the happiness of one dearer than ourselves was the centre of our wishes; we shall joyfully acquiesce in any means by which that happiness may be attained, laying ourselves entirely out of the case; and should the injury to us be ever so grievous, we shall only wish for them, with the same disinterested ardour Aristides did for the Athenians who had banished him, that the time may never come when they shall repent it.

IX.

On the Separation of Friends by Death.

I know nothing more common, and almost unavoidable, than the disposition of censuring those manners and inclinations in others, which we are sensible would, in our own tempers, be faulty, or which lie cross to the bent of our natural humours: yet I am persuaded, in many of these instances, were we to make but common allowances for the difference of constitution, of situation, of knowledge, and of perception, we should find, according to a good-natured French saying, that tout le monde a raison.

That tenderness which we feel for a true friend is, in some minds, so inseparably bleuded with every idea, that the dearer half of every enjoyment is liable to be torn away at once, and the stroke of a moment shall cast its gloom over the longest years of life. Kindness and gratitude, the very laws of constancy, and the frame of human nature, seem to exact of us this melancholy return, for all that refined and superior happiness, which, in such an union, we have enjoyed.

I cannot help imagining, however, that there may be a good deal of reason on the contrary side: and as one never is so sensible of the force of reason, as when it is heightened by the eloquence of some present feeling; so this came most strongly into my head during some solitary hours of illness, that very lately put me in mind of such an eternal separation from my friends. The enjoyments of life, are what, I believe, all persons of serious thought would easily resign for themselves, when they are sure, at the same time, to be freed from its disquiets: but, to think that we may carry away with us into the grave all the joy and satisfaction of those to whom we ever wish the most; and leave them behind us, in a world where every support is wanting, entirely destitute of any (of any such, I mean, as the ordinary methods of Providence have appointed) is the only reflection, which, at such a moment, can disturb the composure of an innocent and religious mind.

I do not know how far the pride of giving pain may extend, in some people; but for myself, i protest, that as earnestly as I wish to be remembered with a kind esteem, I could not bear the thought of that remembrance being a painful one. For this reason, I was summoning up in my mind all that might be alleged for what I used to call lightness of temper, and found it much more than I had imagined.

Indeed, if the persons we lament were truly

dear to us, we ought, for their sakes, to restrain that immoderate sorrow, which, if they could behold it, we are sure that it would be with the utmost concern. This, however, is an argument, that will by no means hold in all cases; but there are others more general. I will not argue that so short a life as ours seems to contradict the idea of eternal attachments; because I cannot help flattering myself that they may be continued and improved through every state of being; but that they ought to be so moderated, as to contradict no purpose of the state we are at present placed in, is a truth that will scarcely be denied. The inferiority of our station, the frailty and impesfaction of our nature, make submission to unerring wisdom one of our first duties: and how do we set ourselves up in opposition to it, when, upon withdrawing any one blessing, however kindly to us, we stubbornly determine to shut our minds against every other which it indulgently continues!

Yet, after all these considerations, the characters of Arachne and Maria still surpass me, though they no longer give me the disgust they used to do. To hear them talk, with the greatest good nature, of any present object of compassion, otherwise ever so indifferent to them; to see how really they are affected by every little instance of kindness, and how happy they are in every trifling amusen ant, one would imagine them extremely susceptible of impressions: but then, in the midst of a gay conversation, to hear them run over, without the least emotion, a long list of once intimate



esteem they are inserting if I say they are inserting good humoured without sentiment.

Theagenes is scarcely less happy mind, but more so in his strength genius is the most extensive, his most flowery that can be; and most flowery that can be; and too deep an attention to melauct temper is really generous and temper his interested in every makes him interested in every comes within his reach; and mind is the surest food of che mind is the surest food of che with the oddnesses and with the oddnesses and irrheagenes has an eye for it speculations wander over the speculations wander something.

unites itself with the next he falls into; and is to be considered, in this view, like a drop of water, which, though separated from its native stream, yet naturally blends with any other mass of the same element; while, disunited, it would lose its use and its very being.



X.

On Self-Love.

It is a reigning maxim, through all the works of Rpiotetus, that every body may be happy if they please; and the desire of being happy, is but in other words the definition of such a virtuous and reasonable self-love, as was originally implanted in us by the Author of our nature, for innumerable wise and gracious purposes. No part of our constitution was given us without important reason, and therefore it were folly to suppose this of so essential a one as self-love; but how often it erra in its aim and in its degree, there needs no instance to prove; nor that when it does so, it is of all other principles the most mischievous, as it is ever the most active.

Violent declamations, either for or against anything of the great frame of nature, serve but to show an injudicious eloquence, which, by proving too much, in effect proves absolutely nothing: even passion may be improved into merit; and virtues themselves may deviate into blameable errors. Unbiassed reason, if such a thing there be in this mixed state of human nature, surveys both sides at

once, and teaches us to moderate our opinions, to draw the proper advantages from every circumstance, and carefully to guard against all its dangers.

The same principle of self-love, that adds new fire and strength to every passion when the loose rein is given up to fancy, at other times checks our indulgence of those passions and pursuits, by making us reflect on the danger and pain that attends them: the same tie that so closely binds as down to our own interest, makes us sympathize in the fortunes of our fellow-creatures. By self-love we learn to pity in others what we dread or fear for ourselves: in this balance we weigh their distresses with our own; and what self-love has shown us, under the name of such, to ourselves, we shall always suppose the same to every one else, and kindly commiserate the sorrows we have felt.

Self-love endears virtue to us, by the tenderness it gives us for whatever degree of it we perceive in ourselves; and, in the same way, makes us look with a peculiar charity on those whose faults are of the same kind with ours. Every body has, I believe, a favourite virtue, and a favoured weakness, which, being first used to in themselves, they are sure to give quarter and applause to in every one else. By this partiality particular friendships are generally determined.

There is a lower degree of it, which would be

quite ridiculous, if that too had not its valuable use in connecting human kind together. As we grow. any way acquainted with people, though sometimes it is only by character, sometimes even by some circumstance of no more signification than having sat at the same table, received or paid some trifling mark of civility; nay, even having it to say that we have seen them—we assume a kind of property in them. Such is the importance which the least connexion with our dear selves can give to whatever we please, that if we have seen people but one single time, it makes often a wide difference in our way of attending to what is said about them. Recollect but any conversation you have been in, where persons, though of very little consequence, have been talked of, and I dare say you may remember that two or three of the company immediately fell to recollecting such idle circumstances in their knowledge of them, as could receive no value but from that knowledge itself.

This disposition, I think, shows how much we were intended to mix in life; and it must be a strong reason that will draw the same advantages for practice, from the enlarged views given by reading and speculation, which even the commonest understandings are fitted to receive from their natural constitution: if these are neglected, we fall into a thousand faults, of which every one carries its own punishment along with it. People who confine themselves strictly to a small circle of acquaintance are in great danger of contracting a narrowness of mind; while those who enter freely

All distinct sets of people are apt to themselves as separate from the rest of hence the perpetual enmities and prejudit ferent professions; hence the continual of parties, sects, and ages; hence the ge sures thrown at random on all. When we have censured and laughed at comes own case, we learn to make those allowances that before we never so thought of.

antediluvian, grows strangely supportable as we approach it; and Lysis, in an airy dress, no longer ridicules people that go without hoods after thirty.—I grow triding. This subject of self-love affords matter of serious reflection and gratitude. It is surely one of the greatest marks of infinite wisdom, that what, at first sight, may seem only to regard ourselves, is one of the strongest ties to social virtue; and that the very attention to others, which should seem most contrary to our first notions of self-love, is, indeed, the truest support and most rational pursuit of it, and which alone can preserve it from degenerating into miserable weakness and folly.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

Pope.



XI.

On the principle of Self-interest as applied to Educution.

I was making a visit, the other day, to people that pass for what are called your very sensible clever folks: they have a large family of children, of whom they seem fond without indulgence; and to be sure they educate them mighty well. Who is more capable of doing it? They are prudent, have good sense, and know a great deal of the world: but, alas, it is this knowledge of the world, as they call it, that spoils every thing! "Come hither, my dear," said the lady of the house to a little girl about five years old, who was crying to go out of the room almost as soon as she came in; "Come hither, Lucy. Look ye, my dear, if you will behave yourself prettily, and go and talk to all the company, papa will give you a fine new doll to-morrow." This, you may be sure, stopped the crying for the present: but what will be the effect of it? Every time Miss Lucy wants a new play-thing, she has only to misbehave herself, and she is sure of being bribed into good humour again. Thus, by an excess of good management in her mamma, the little gipsy will be taught to be artful and peevish, at an



.... CIICIE WAS U plied Prudentia, with a " you have lived in the am sorry to see you are my part, who have lo upon this earth, and no to act my part in life more natural to me the taught to follow the sam sure to be actuated al " Can you possibly mea terest?" said I. "I ce you think it, you must moment, that it is what who give up their haps with the most disintere title themselves to the bl pectations and desires; but—will you let me talk a little upon subjects that are certainly above my reach?" "O, by all means," answered Prudentia: "Clemene was not to call upon me till eight, and is shall be mighty glad to hear your romance of education in the mean time: I dare say it will be pretty; but you will find it a mere romance, I am persuaded, ten years hence, when you have a family of your own." "Well, be that as it will, you have given me leave to talk, and this is all I have to do at present.

"I was going to say," continued I, "that I canmot help imagining that a great part of our happimess in a future state may arise from a sense of
right, abstractedly from all other considerations:
that, at least, as much of it will proceed from the
thought of having acted agreeably to the infallible
will of the most perfect of Beings, as from that of
having deserved the favour of the Lord of the universe, and from the hopes of any happiness which
infinite goodness and power may bestow on us. In
short, it seems to me, as if to contribute, each in
our inferior way, to the order and beauty of the
universe, was at once the noblest and the justest
meetive, and the highest reward of goodness."

"Lucia is not old enough to enter into all these abstracted reasonings," said Prudentia. "In our world we must treat children as children, and convince them by their senses, in default of their judgments: I do not know what people may do in

de should be divinity would be should be divinity would be straid, Lucy would be straid, Lucy would be should be sho for ever har Look ye, said 1, er you shall not laugh neon LOOK JE, SHU 1, JOH SOME HOT MINER MEON AND ARREST AND AND ARREST TO A STREET OF THE PARTY OF TH not the w all argument; and so arm yoursen wan panence, and so arm yoursen wan panence, and so arm yourself wan panence, and hear me out. Your supposition is an excellent and hear me out. Prection ou near me out. Your supposition is an excellent out of a straid I shall be less mistaken, tween I ood one; but I am arrand & shall be less mistagely no.
In supposing that a child, who has been tangely no. other end in behaving itself well than the gaining or fits other end in penaring itself well than the gamma, some favourite point or some darling toy, will never the some favourite point or some darling toy. hese; some favourite point or some darring toy, will never regard the make a disinterested minister, will never regard the Feet make a disinterested minister, will herer regard the realty of virtue, and will be ready to throw of even 001 reality of virtue, and will be really to throw on ever the appearance of it when it is contradictory to in-" But must one never give a poor child any en-Wou mistake me entirely, said I. a Let good behaviour be always attended by reward; but you behaviour be always attended by reward; but you couragement then ?" cried Prudentia. terest." behaviour be always attended by reward; behaviour. make it the consequence of toys and sugar-plums, the particular rewards of toys and sugar-plums, the particular rewards of toys and sugar-pumps, and particular rewards of toys and sugar-pumps, and to them to together the particular rewards of toys and sugar-pumps, and to the particular rewards of toys and sugar-pumps, and to the particular rewards of toys and sugar-pumps, and to the particular rewards of toys and to the particular rewards of toys and sugar-pumps, and to toy and toy and to toy and to toy and toy and toy and toy and to toy and contess myself, in general, no great triend to them
the approbation of triends is a better incentive act right, and gives, even to such children, and the such children to such act right, and gives, even to such these should sure of a much higher kind: sure of a much higher kind: these should be too mu a proper to be too mu will a proper to be too mu will be too the to steted on. The notion of doing right for the doing right, should be gently inculcated, and s sisted on.

ened by degrees, as they advance in age and understanding: this will settle, in time, into a firm and steadfast rightness of mind, which interest shall never bias, which adversity shall never shake, which prosperity shall never enervate: from hence will proceed a calm and even cheerfulness of temper, a regular and uniform conduct, that shall make them for ever happy in themselves and respected by others: not the wild gaiety of one hour, damped by uneasy reflections the next; not a perpetual dispute between reason and passion, which makes people good by fits and starts only. Miserable is the state of these; and yet, perhaps, it is almost always the effect of their not knowing, from the first, what end to aim at. Interest and ambition attract them by a thousand glittering temptations, and yet, in spite of all these, in the midst of their pursuit, they feel themselves often checked by the secret monitor in the heart, who tells them we were formed for something nobler than greatness, and that neither riches nor pleasures are the chief end of life.

"But what is this nobler end? Perhaps it is be appliance of men, the immortality which fame estows, or, at least, the pleasure of being well oked on and esteemed by the people among whom a live. Fatal imagination! source of wild and ischievous exploits, of wars and desolations; and, less noble minds, the origin of hypocrisy and ever reful deceit! To look upon the respect and advation of men as the ultimate end of life, is, haps, one of the most dangerous errors into

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XII.

On the Distinction between Cunning and Prudence.

LORD BACON has an essay upon Cunning that, if it fall into wrong hands, is more likely to teach people sleights and devices, than to furnish a warning against them; and yet the essay is, in itself, excelent: but, methinks, it were time well bestowed, to make a just distinction between cunning and prudence, a blameable artfulness, and a laudable dexterity. To fix the bounds of these two borderers, and determine the nice difference,

" Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice;"

To exercise the authority of superior reason and understanding; to make use of their lawful advantages—can surely be no fault: on the contrary, it is making the best of our nature, and employing faculties that were not intended to lie idle. It is by reason and understanding that human kind are superior to brutes of infinitely greater strength and force of body, and the same sort of difference subsists among men. A brutal nature is to be considered in the same light, whether the animal it

governs go upon two legs or four; only in our behaviour towards the brutes of our own kind we have this additional consideration; that there is, at the same time, a mixture of something divine and excellent in every human soul, which claims strongly our assistance, in subduing that worse half, so prevalent in the many. Thus, those who by wisdom lead others less wise to act wisely, not only make them, as inferior narrance, subservient to excellent purposes, but, at the same time, do them a real and important good, and raise them above what they were. When, by innocent arts, we soothe an uneasy temper: when, by suspending the impetuosity of a person's passion, we give him leisure to recall his reason-we do but free him from the worst of tyrants, and defend the good and reasonable man within him from the hasty influence of the madman.

But to do evil that good may come of it, nothing can ever make allowable. The moment we deviate from truth and integrity our very best intentions are all poisoned and perverted.

To learn what we can, by an acute observation of the countenances and manners of those with whom we are concerned, is certainly a very blameless point of wisdom; to pry into their secret thoughts, uninterested, and only to betray them, is the baseness of hearkening at doors, and looking in at windows.

The cunningly preventing objections to any thing

we have a mind should succeed, by unfairly withdrawing the attention of persons from it, can only be allowable in cases of great exigence or in absolute trifles. Mere humour is a thing that we are st liberty to control and guide in what way we please; but when the case is of importance, we are scarcely fit judges, if it touches ourselves, whether we are at liberty to deceive another to what, we may think, ever so good an end. If it is a person over whom we have any authority, the case is somewhat clearer. Madness and folly we have a right to govern, founded in the utter incapacity of those who are thus governed; and the point is indisputable, that children may be cheated into health with a sugared potion; and that, to steal away the sword of a distracted person, or humour his frenzy till we have secured him, is no theft or deceit.

But to surprise any person's reason is utterly unjustifiable: and, be the end we purpose ever so good, the means is most detestable. If people will not make a right use of leisure and reflection, their fault is great; but if we do not allow them both, ours is much greater.

All hypocrisy is hateful and despicable; but there certainly are infinite cases where others have no right to know our private thoughts and resolutions. Reserve is always allowable: where we go a step farther, it is accompanied with a kind of shame that is sufficient to instruct us. Yet sometimes, to be sure, we may put on an appearance of something better than we are, as showing a disdain

of our present imperfections; and provided we put this on with a real intention and aim of rising to the mark we have set. But any appearance contrary to what we are in our hearts and wishes is vile.

Once again: people's humours we may, may ought to soothe, and wind, and govern, as we best can; for humour is the childishness of the mind, reason its maturity; and children ought to submit to the direction of grown persons. These are the little arts that humanize society, and give it a pleasing and a gentle air. But to work upon people's weaknesses, to take advantage of their simplicity, to side with their passions, for our own parposes—this is that monstrous policy, which is the wisdom of this world, and the foolishness of a better.

To introduce any perplexing subject in the easiest manner, provided our intention be a good one, is but using fit means to a laudable end; but let all have a care how they grow too fond of their own ingenuity and dexterity, in managing even laudable undertakings; the step is too easy to a low sort of cunning, that is as far from the true sublime of virtue, as any species of false wit is from the true sublime in writing.

Most comedies are very pernicious in this way: they turn upon a thousand little stratagems and intrigues, that, even when they are innocent, tend strangely to corrupt the amiable simplicity of an honest mind.

True taste in every thing is plainness and simplicity, the least deviation from nature that is possible; for that is very consistent with the highest improvement of it. Buildings, gardens, statues, pictures, writings of all sorts, come within this rule, and it holds full as strongly in character and behaviour. It is the saying of a very excellent author, that the true art of conversation, if any body can hit it, seems to be this; an appearing freedom and openness, with a resolute reservedness as little appearing as is possible. I stumbled at it at first; but, upon consideration, I must suppose him (and from what goes before, it seems most probable, to mean, by reservedness, a strict watch over ourselves, not to be led into saving any thing improper, or that can be of the least harm to others: and this may most allowably be tempered with such a winning carriage, and so easy a good humour, as shall take off from the height of virtue and discretion all appearance of stiffness and moroseness.

To insinuate instruction in a pleasing way, to introduce useful subjects by unaffected transitions, and to adorn truth with a mixture of pleasing fictions, is the highest merit of conversation, and has nothing to do with cunning. To watch for a favourable opportunity of doing people good, or reclaiming them from some error—who ever complained of being so over-reached?



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XIII.

On the Necessity of encouraging Hope.

I no not know whether it is a pragmatical disposition, or whether it is the effect of a happy inclination to hope in spite of all discouragements; but, for my part, I cannot abide to hear people, in a desponding way, give up every attempt in which they cannot thoroughly succeed. It is, generally too, the best and wisest sort of people, and who would, therefore, be the most likely to succeed in some degree, that, by carrying their wishes of success too far, and finding it impossible to attain them in their full extent, sit down in a useless despair, and moralize upon the world; which, because it is too bad to be completely reformed by them, they disdain to mend as far as they might.

Thus the best and most useful designs are the soonest discouraged, while those of the wicked and the trifling are pursued day after day; the one too violent to be checked by any consideration that would oppose the ruling passion; the others,



There is something mind full of spirit glorious, at least, to s though ever so sure is by no means the c thing; whether enou moment, or not, is v time it will certainly ! ther that be soon eno tered by it, or not, is generous minds shoul deed, go on with les but ease and pleasure ary ends of our being this life. If, therefore we may trust our rewar

of persecution or tyranny; people's lives and fortunes are secure; their virtues involve them in no danger: and though, very possibly, they may hinder them from rising in the world, yet, though ever so openly and strenuously persisted in, they can do them no great damage: the utmost they can suffer is a little contradiction, a little chagrin, the vexation of seeing many good endeavours turn out to but little good purpose, the uneasiness of living amongst a mixture of people little suited to their better turn of mind, and to whom they cannot do so much good as they would. But is this a reason why they should choose to do none at Will the world be the better for all the good people that are in it running to hide themselves in deserts and solitudes? If it is not, what then is the sudden retirement but an idle and selfish pursuit of their own indolent inclinations? Does the industrious planter forbear his toil because he expects not to enjoy the shade of those flourishing oaks that will spring from his acorns? Is he discouraged by the fear or frequency of Does he at once declare that all the blights? young trees are degenerate, and no good to be hoped from them? The worse the world is. the more need it has of good people's trying to . mend it; and should they be ever so unsuccessful, in regard to themselves, at least, they have not lost their pains. Meanly, indeed, do they betray the cause of virtue, if they, its only friends, suffer themselves to be overcome by so weak enemies as spleen and indoleuce. Of all

people, they have the least cause to despond; they, who pursue the noblest end by the fairest means; they who are sure of being in the right; they who are sure to have the best applause for it; they who can doubt of nothing but that their present fancy may not be gratified in seeing an immediate success of their endeavours; and this they need not doubt about neither, since they ought not to think of it at all.

If sometimes such a glorious instance of success appears, this ought no more to mislead their hopes, than the notion of a magical wand, that raises palaces and gardens in an instant, should make people disdain to cultivate their country by the slow and vulgar methods of planting and building. Inconveniences that cannot be removed may be palliated at least. The first who formed habitations to defend them from the cold, were certainly much wiser than if they had sat down, and pitcously lamented those inclemencies of the weather, which none of their complaints could alter, but against which their industry could easily secure them.

From this restless activity in the mind of man, this busy hope for ever springing up in his heart, this notion of bettering every situation, and never resting contented while he can aspire to any thing farther, all those improvements, which form half the enjoyment of civil life, have arisen. But with them many errors

on the necessity of encouraging hope. 85 lave shot forward too; and if the more delicate flowers of virtue should be left to sicken and decay in their offensive shade, the world will soon be over-run with the most noxious weeds.



XIV.

On the moral Uses of Geography.

Among those studies which are usually recommended to young people, there are few that might be improved to better uses than Geography: I mean by this, indeed, not a bare acquaintance with the outlines of a map, but some general knowledge of the people who inhabit this our globe; not their situation only, but their history and manners. It may, perhaps, be objected, that the title which I have given to this study, belongs to a subject much more bounded than the definition which I have since been making of it; but I think it may very well include a general knowledge of history, as extended to all parts of the habitable globe, though a more particular application to the histories of those few people who have made themselves very remarkable on it, may belong to a different science.

It is not only the error of the peasant boy, who imagines there is no habitable land beyond those mountains that enclose his native valley, but of many more, that we have to guard against, and of much more important tendency. How the idea of greatness and superiority vanish in a moment at

the unrolling a large map of the world, where we see England itself make so inconsiderable a figure! Let our thoughts be never so strongly attached to any particular place in this inconsiderable spot, it must give us a moment's reflection upon the insigniscance of all those cares that centre in so imperceptible a point! Innumerable interruptions, indeed, trifling and vexatious, will often happen to call down our most exalted thoughts; but for that very reason, we have the more need of returning to them often; and not only taking a transient view. of them in our minds, as shadows passing before a looking-glass, but trying to fix them there by reducing them to something solid; and ever drawing some practical precept from them, that may remain in our hearts, to whatever trifles imagination is hurried away by the various avocations of life.

Considered as a part of space, the spot each of us takes up, is, indeed, very insignificant; but nothing is so as relating to the internal system of the universe; and therefore, properly to fill the station there assigned us, deserves an equal degree of care in persons of every rank, and is not to be measured by the acres they possess.

This sort of consideration restores a higher value to the elevated circumstances of life than the former has robbed them of, in the low notion of intrinsic value. This should teach the miser to esteem his riches, rather by the treasure spent than by his secret hoard: it should teach every body, in general, from the day labourer to the king, by every possible

means, to raise themselves, in the moral world, to a degree of consideration, that their place in the natural world can never attain.

Could we (it is a strange wild fancy) imagine to surselves a map delineated of this as well as of the other, we should see then, that those vast continents which overspread the one, would be reduced apon the other to moderate bounds; while the smallest civilized tracts of land became extensive empires, in proportion to the improvements they have made in religious virtue and knowledge. This, after all, is the map of real consequence, and which will remain, with indelible strokes, long after the other; when all that it relates to is reduced to nothing.

Can any one imagine riches the soul of life and source of joy? Let him but consider those wast tracts of land where the bosom of the earth is filled with glorious gems, and glows with unnumbered mines of gold: let him consider these countries barbarous and wretched, ignorant of almost every useful art and speculative science; untaught both in the elegance and use of life: then let him see, in some character of civilized generosity at home, what it is that gives all the gloss to fortune, and whence alone riches derive their lustre.

Is power the idol of the soul? Cast your eyes on the monarchs of Mogul or emperors of China: see how infinitely their grandeur, in immensity of wealth, in extent of dominion, in the adoration of



aside by the first incredulous read by the serious and the reflections, as the pride of th approve. It must be consid hourly revolutions: besides, Eastern monarch is incapabl relish to one who has been u of life in more humanized na

The highest gratitude mu us by such comparisons as t that those moral and civil seem to set our little corne above the rest, that, like tha Siamese imagined to stand midst of the earth, the sun a their revolutions only around lightening it with their warn

Such an extensire view or

smiling scene: we learn to look on the savage Indian as our fellow-creature, who has a mind as capable of every exalted satisfaction as ours; and therefore we pity him for the want of those enjoyments on which we pride ourselves. From compassionate thoughts kind actions naturally flow: our endeavours will, in some degree, follow our wish, wherever it is sincere; and would we all join our endeavours to do all the good we are able, this earth would soon become a subject of such delightful contemplation, as should make us reflect, with infinite delight, upon the study that had first led us into so useful a train of thoughts.

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XV.

On Consistency of Character.

s very strange, and not less grievous, that alt all people should have such an inequality in r conduct, as, in ten thousand unheeded inces, daily to contradict those fundamental prins of duty and reason, which, in matters of more lowledged importance, they justly make it their y to act up to.

The person who goes contrary to those prinis, upon deliberate reflection, we all shun and st; and is mere heedlessness so great a virtue, o atone for our behaving in the same faulty because we do it without making so deep reion as we ought?

few instances may explain what I mean; and, lieve, there are few persons who will not find ething of the same sort at home, within them-

ood nature is a quality that people are as fond assessing as any. Does it ever hold through-That pain, which we should abhor to inflict ries, and should Christians if we did otherwise-au no them the punishment of trivial offences. disagreeablenesses in those to whom, pe have solid obligations? At the same tin should desire, in cases of importance, to fellow-creatures all possible good, do we enough consider, that the repeating an or spreading upon slight grounds a disagi port, is acting most directly contrary to t able desires? We can actually do good! but we ought to wish it as sincerely and to all, as if they were truly within the of our own influence; and, consequen that is as good as it should be, will feel i interested in every interest of his felle Should we then listen with complace with careless ears, to the story of frailties, and follies, as are real m them?

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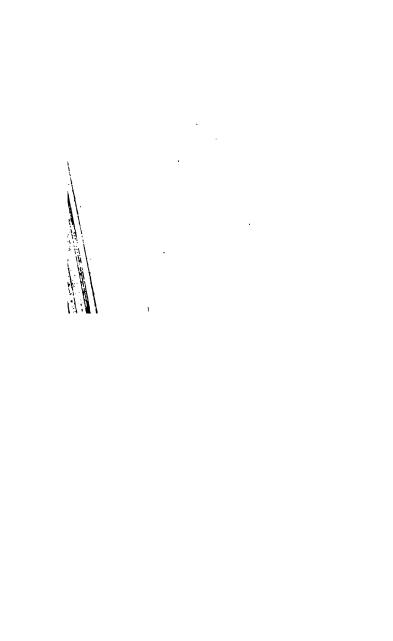
secretally make the best of it? Can you improve the inconveniences into something tolerable, and an useful? It may generally be done, if people could but set their minds to it.

You are convinced, perhaps, that a cheerful grated disposition is that which, above all others, ought be cultivated by creatures formed for immortal appiness, guided in their way to it by the most graions Providence, and continually under the eye and are of the most excellent and amiable of Beings. ut do you always act, and think, and speak, conistently with this persuasion? Is none of your reath wasted in vain sighs? Do you never volunurily indulge the overflowings of a fruitless sorow? Do you never, by giving way to a momentry disgust, resentment, or peevishness, rob your-If of that highest delight which flows from perfect indness and good-humour? Do you never encouage disagreeable thoughts and jarring passions to isorder the harmony of your soul, and make you asteless to all the joys of life, and to all the charms f beautiful nature? Do you never nourish a fond nd blameable anxiety-never heap times and cirnmstances of trouble and sorrow in your mind. ill the load grows too heavy for imagination to ear? Do you never please yourself with heightning the paintings of your distress? ften recollect all the happy and delightful circumtances of your situation? No state is without ery many, and those very important.

Again. you are generous, it may be, free and

oven-hearted; your dispositions are all noble liberal; your bounty would be inexhaustible if estate was so; you would do good to all the world; no eye should see you that could not have witness to your kindness. But in the free isdulgence of this amiable temper, how possible is it that you may injure those whom you are the most bound to help! If proper regard to the limits of your power be not observed, this dignity and generosity must be supported by the cruellest injustice and the most wretched condescensions. . To what straits, what meannesses, are those often reduced. whom Fortune had once placed in a high rank! From whence proceeds this but from inequality of eonduct?

The elegant beauty, whose fondest aim is to please and be admired, has sometimes small regard to that complete harmony of manner and behaviour which perfects the charm. Indeed, we are all of us so short-sighted, that to take in a whole view at once is impossible. Yet these views of life we ought surely to choose and study, with at least as much taste and attention as a landscape painter does prospects: the most considerable objects should take up the chief place, and be finished with the highest art; the rest should be thrown off in due proportion, and lessening by imperceptible degrees. But what a picture would he make, were the distant hills to be painted with a vivid green, and the nearest objects softened into a purplish blue: here every flower touched up with exquisite art; and there objects as near, and more considerable, sketched only with rude outlines? Inconsistent throughout, we are seriously offended at the disproportion of any work of art, and utterly inschable of it in a thousand instances, where, to the eye of reason, it is infinitely more monstrous.



XVI.

On the Art of Pleasing in Society.

NE great reason why people succeed so little in e art of pleasing, while they seem wholly posssed by the ambition of shining, is their not obrving proper rules of place and time. ine, indeed, in their own eyes extremely; but ey do not suit their manners to the taste of those ith whom they converse. Whatever is their vourite and superior accomplishment, they are apt imagine a sufficient recommendation wherever ey go; when, probably, there are a thousand less riking, which, properly placed, would make them pear with infinitely more advantages. Nor is en the favourite accomplishment by this means st: for when once you have condescended to in people's esteem, in their own way, they are illing enough to see every additional grace your character, and dwell upon it with pleare.

To instance only in the character of the fine lady. ruck with the praise of beauty, and conscious of ch a superior claim to admiration, the absolute com, in our dealings with pobusiness: punctuality and e care to save them as much possibly can, is the least we they voluntarily take to furivenience of life.

This is meant for a re

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and now I have named pun digressing, to praise it. 'makes us more welcome mactuess, even in trifles, and to a considerable sum of me to depend upon us, and ar give them the least uneasif we can possibly help it. more easily bear with us oportant, where interests we nocently interfere; and it in the property in the second of the second o

ON THE ART OF PLEASING IN SOCIETY. 101 Little disobligations will be perpetually occurring, if we allow ourselves any liberty in point of exactness; the even tenor of our conduct is broken, and people begin to think themselves indebted more to chance than to us, for any civility or kindness we may show them.

There is a kind of shatter-witted amiable character, which gains no confidence, and loses all respect. I think I never saw any particular description of it, and it may not be amiss to draw one here. It is a careless, gay, good-humoured creature, as full of liveliness and entertainment as void of caution and discretion, living on from moment to moment, without meaning any harm, or ever taking thorough pains to do good. In such persons, fifty good qualities are lost in the mere hurry of inconsideration: every thing goes on at random; every thing is unequal and odd, and yet every body loves them: their affairs, for the most part, run to ruin without any extravagance; nay, by starts, they will be the best managers and the strictest economists in the world; but, alas! this is all the while only whimsy masquerading in the dress of a housewife.

They who come under this description, whatever their principles may be, are guided in all the common affairs of life by mere humour and frolic. They run, with the prettiest harmlessness in the world, into acts of injustice, that make all around them suffer severely, while they themselves defect in conduct to such a degree in every respect but that of an ful a member of society as well like his turned his very distre tainment, and it is hard to s raised in his acquaintance mo sion, or compassion. But what such a mind should have had all!

My disposition has led me a when a favourite subject is fair one, who can resist it? Not gri itself. I remember a story of who used pretty equally to divide the church and the quadrilleman of some humour, and of mediscretion, had laid a wager the her talk over her cards in pray

on the art of pleasing in society. 103 for goodness sake." "I had four matadores." And so on he went telling his hand, and the whole process of the game; while she, poor woman, was very seriously angry, and, as she thought, perfectly inattentive to him. He goes on, however. "A club was led; I put on a small trump." Human patience could endure no longer. "Pooh," says the good lady, "you should have played your

ponte."



XVII.

On the Power and Necessity of Confidence.

THE stedfastness of a rock, the immoveableness of a centre, the firmness of a deep foundation, a pillar of adamant, an everlasting anchor; such to the fluctuating mind of man is a well-grounded confidence: without it, all his thoughts are lighter than the leaves in autumn, the sport of every momentary hurricane: his opinions are changeable by every varying circumstance; every mote in a sun-beam suggests some new faucy: he hopes and fears, dislikes and loves, doubts to-day, trusts tomorrow, accuses himself of credulity the next, then again grows inadvertent, and never lets his busy disquieted imagination rest: his reason, one hour convinced by weighty arguments, has no impression left of them another; but, suspecting judgment to be in fault, when only memory is blameable, frankly gives itself up to the next contrary system, and so on ad infinitum.

In the intercourse of life, this fatal diffidence insensibly alienates the dearest friends, breaks the kind bonds of mutual trust, or dissolves them by scarce perceptible insinuations: it particularly oppresses weak spirits: and challenges all the knighterrantry of reason to free them from the power of this wicked enchanter. It is, indeed, in his enchanted palace, that, like the people in Ariosto, friends and lovers, deceived by false appearances of one another, are perpetually wearied in a vain pursuit, and groan under a thousand imagined alights and injuries, of which all are equally guiltless, and never gain an explanation to rectify the miserable A hero, who lately, perhaps, appeared crowned with laurels, is now, on the sudden, transformed into a monster. Credulous minds! that do not know that the laurel of some virtues is so absolute a security against all grosser failings, that their eves must deceive them whenever they represent such a metamorphosis.

But judgments are usually formed more from particular instances than from general rules; and hence it is that they are so contradictory. Every fresh glaring appearance is believed, against the most absolute evidence that past experience can furnish, and by mere following our noses, we miss the great landmarks that should direct our journey.

But to grow more methodical: this paper is of too mixed a nature to allow the dwelling seriously on that religious confidence, which is the ground of all the rest, and of every assured satisfaction in life, or support at the close of it. This is the inexhaustible, eternal source of cheerfulness, pace and courage: of that true undaunted forde that inspires the real hero,

"Who asks no omen but his country's cause." •

rust and danger vanish at its radiance; concey and indefatigable perseverance crown it with noblest success, and with immortal honour: a the weakness of constitutional cowardice may relieved by it from a thousand anxious fears, raised, upon any extraordinary occasion, into absolute disregard of all those unreal evils, which well the sickly list of apprehension.

a friendship, a mutual confidence is of so absonnecessity, that it is scarcely possible it should sist for any time, without it. When once upon son and experience we have given persons an wed title to our esteem, it is the highest injury h to them and to ourselves, to remove it upon than an entire certainty; and there are some rees of esteem that ought to outweigh the very ongest appearances. In such cases we should doubt all judgments of our own, rather than pect the fidelity of a tried friend; and never give p till we have allowed them the fullest oppority for vindicating themselves, if appearances e injured them: by this means, nothing will

Pope's translation of

Εις οιωνός αριστός αμύνεσθαι περί πατρης.

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There are few things which have more my imagination, than the meek answer of ass, when his master unreasonably correstor what had only the appearance of a was, in reality, the highest instance of care: in which, after having received a signate return to a very gentle exposts only replies,—" Was I ever wont to thee?"

XVIII.

On True Friendship.

THE only unshaken basis of friendship is religion. True friendship is an union of interests, inclinations, sentiments: where these greatly clash, here may, indeed, be outward civility, but there can be nothing more.-What, then, becomes of all those fair ideas, and many fair histories too, of generous friendship sacrificing every interest of its own? What becomes of that worthiest complaisance that bends disagreeing humours into perfect sympathy? What becomes of that powerful affection, that makes often so thorough a change in the sentiments and tempers of persons? All these may consist with a maxim appearing so contrary: for few people look so deep as the real and solid foundation of all: but take those for important interests and essential points, which, indeed, are but a temporary superstructure, liable to perpetual alterations.

Whoever to the constancy and faith of friendship sacrifices the interests of fortune or the indulgence of inclination, pursues still his true and essential interests, since he is strictly performing an important duty. However the opinion of the good same. What openness of her sentiments, what sweetness of must be the consequence!

Truth, perfectly clear and u unchangeable through all the and circumstances; the kind most winning manners flow a this source of every good disp ble rule is a sure guard against extremes which the best affect into: it makes particular frie such bounds as not to interfere and universal justice: it teach tween those errors and frailtie which in true friendship mus over, and those contagious fau dissolve it: it heightens the friendship, while it teaches u friends as blessings included to

alike," and trust in him to give them that assistance and relief, of which we poor helpless creatures can, at best, be but very poor instruments: to him we can pour out the affectionate fulness of our hearts, when overwhelmed with a tender concern for their welfare; and may rest assured, that he will guide and prosper our sincere endeavours for their real good.

When the heart has long been used to the delightful society of beloved friends, how dreadful is absence, and how irksome solitude! But these phantoms of absence and solitude vanish before the sun-shine of religion: every change of life, every variety of place allotted us by an all-ruling Providence, grows welcome to us; and while we consider ourselves and our friends, however distant, as equally under the care and protection of the same gracious and omnipresent Being, our common Creator, Redeemer, and Preserver, the distance between us, with all its terrors, is annihilated; while solitude and retirement give us but the opportunity for a wider range of thought on subjects that ennoble friendship itself: then may our minds look forward through an endless succession of ages. in which the spirits of just men made perfect, renewing in a happier world the affectionate engagements just began, as it were, in the days of their mortality, shall rejoice in one another's continually improving happiness and goodness to all eternity. Blessed mansions, where we shall meet again all those beloved persons whose remembrance is so dear to us! Our friendship shall then, probably,

be extended through the whole society of the bless every one amiable, every one benevolent! However it be otherwise? The excellent of all ages and nations shall then be numbered among our friends: angels themselves will not disdain to admit us to their friendship. Beyond all these glories we may still raise our thoughts to the supreme Friend and Father, till they are lost in the dazzling, but delightful contemplation.

When so fair a superstructure rises from so fair a basis, who but would build their friendship on this everlasting rock? But alas, the slight connexions of the trifting world, are but like those wooden buildings raised suddenly for pompous feativals, adorned with every elegance and splendor for a day, and with all the mimicry of marble pillars, and the most solid architecture: the least accident destroys them at once; and a very short time, of course, sees the spot where they were erected, forlorn and bare.

XIX.

On our Passage through Life.-A Reverie.

I po not much love the tribe of dreaming writers. There is something very unnatural in supposing such products of understanding, such a regular series of ideas, generally abstruse and allegorical enough to put the comprehension of a waking reader upon the stretch, to be the effects of wild imagination, at those hours when she is most unassisted by reason and memory: yet it is pity a lively fancy should be balked, and confined to the dull road of essay-writing, merely to avoid such a trifling absurdity in the phrase. It might certainly be changed, with great propriety, into that of a reverie, which, by people that indulge their imaginations, is often carried on a very considerable time, with as gay a variety of circumstances and as lively colouring as the poppy-dipped pencil of Morpheus could ever produce. Be it allowed me then to say, that one afternoon this summer I fell into a deep reverie, lulled by the whispering of groves, the soft descent of a refreshing shower, and the musical repetitions of a thrush: the air around me was perfumed with jasmines and woodbines; and

TALBOT'S ESSAYS.

l myself perfectly in a poetical situation lume I had in my hand should of right, to be have been Ovid or Petrarch; but it was Sanand the genteel reader must excuse me if I that it contained the book of Ecclesiastes.

he soothing scene about me had at length bended my reading; but my thoughts were still d with many beautiful images of the nothings and vanity of human life. There is something bounded and so shadowy in our existence that e celestial beam of understanding, which shows s what it is, must give us almost a disgust of life self, were not our affections attached to it by so many tender ties, as call back our proud thoughts every moment. " Most miserable state!" continued I, in a melancholy soliloquy, " what wretchedness are we conversant in, to what mean objects are we bound down, how little a way can we see round us. iı how much less can we comprehend through what a wild of errors lies the narrow path of truth! Narrow li. and long! Long? Why then it is not, methinks, be so strange that one should not step to the end of it it at once. Well, suffice it that our progress be В gradual; but what a thick dark hedge is here on ci either side! How much pleasanter would it be to fc break through it, and view the fair varieties of the ir universe as we pass along. Suppose it quite away. y(In the midst of this vast trackless plain how will you now distinguish your path? This brink of a precipice that you are to pass along, does not your

head turn at it? Do not you wish again for your

safe boundary? Well, but here the path is safe

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and open: amuse yourself, look round you. I do not like my own path. Yonder is one much fairer, passing over a much nobler eminence. I like my own path less than ever. I do not yet see far enough. O thou spirit of disorder and confusion, canst thou not be contented to move in the way allotted thee? Deviate then into ruin. Many a winding walk presents itself on each hand; art thou willing to venture?-No, let us pursue this safer vulgar path. Must we have dirt and cloudy weather too?-You must: it belongs to this portion of the universe. This rain, that displeases you here, is nourishing sweet herbs and delicious fruits, that will refresh you a few furlongs hence. Behold now the advantage of these despicable things you are hedged in with: these thorns that sometimes pull you back, are often crowned with gay and fragrant blossoms, to make the tedious journey seem less irksome; those thick trees, that bar your wandering view, are dressed in a soft verdure that relieves your eye, and enables it sometimes to take a better glimpse through the branches on objects that it could not dwell upon till it becomes stronger, Beneath a cypress lay a gloomy philosopher, who called out, in a dismal tone, "Whoever you are. foolish passengers, know your own misery: it is impossible to have any rational enjoyment in this. your despicable state: banish the thought of comfort. You are a parcel of wretches: to be happy is none of your business; to be cheerful is an absurdity. These blossoms are transient as the spring: those vile fruits you gather as you pass along ought not to detain your attention one moment from those gems that glitter on your heads, which are your only real treasure. . Those wretched fruits, what are they?" "They are what support us from one state to another," said a plain man, who passed by; " and our stock of gems is gradually increasing if we keep but steadily in the right path, and gently and patiently remove the thorns and briers that molest us as we move towards the country of diamonds." Immediately my reverie transported me into a fair. Long streets of bouths, crossing each other at right angles, formed very regular squares, of which some were handsome and some very ugly, from the different structures of the booths. Several market-women were carrying away bundles and baskets marked with the names of the various proprietors. I met a hag of a very untoward look, bent almost double with the weight of years, her brow wrinkled, and her complexion weather-beaten. The sight of her displeased me, but she was not to be avoided. "Here," said she, offering me a filthy basket, covered at the top with thorns, " take your purchase, and make much of " My purchase," said I, stepping back. " Nay," said she, " even take it;" and flung it at my head. But, as she turned away, a smile, that began to brighten on her solemn face, discovered to me that she was the good fairy Experience. I sat down with the encouragement this discovery gave me, and began to examine her basket. 'The thorns it was covered with cost me a good deal of time to disentangle, and take them out with safety to my

fingers, but I recollected them distinctly every one to be such as had perplexed me and torn my clothes as I passed along the narrow path, and which one by one I had gently broken off the boughs while I pursued my journey. These were the very individual thorns and briers; and, while I was wondering how they should come to be so collected, I came to the bottom, where I found a row of inestimable pearls, equal in number to the briers; large, even, round, and of an exquisite polish. Beside them lay a scrap of paper with these words written on it:

"Philosophy and evenness of temper are pearls, which we purchase at the price of those vexations and crosses in life, that occur to us every day. Nothing in this world is to be had for nothing. Every difficulty we surmount is the purchase of some advantage. Go through the fair, and see."

I perceived a good genius standing near me, and desired him to be my cicerone. We went through the booths, and examined the purchases. Here the coin paid down for health and ease, and freedom from perplexity, was stamped with care and prudence: there the copper money of mere plodding perseverance was the price of wealth, honour, learning, and accomplishments. In one place there was a sort of Monmouth-street, where people were bartering old bad habits for new ones, every way more becoming, but seemed to think their bargains very hard; and the very article of fitting them on occasioned such a variety of wry faces, as would have given great diversion to a grotesque painter. It was a melancholy amusement to see how people

mistook in the value they set upon things, how often they passed by, with a slighting air, those goods, which at first they might have had for a trifle; and never knew the worth of them till they were engaged to other bidders, or the price raised very high, or themselves, perhaps, gone so far off before they took the fancy of returning, that they could not find their way back without a guide; and in the whole place there was but one guide to be met with, and she of so forbidding an aspect, and so disagreeable a conversation, as made her a very undesirable companion. She severely reproved their folly, and obliged them to throw away the bargains on which they had most set their heart, and then led them back to the fair, by a rough round-about way, to buy those they had formerly slighted: by the time they had got there she began to wear a gentler aspect, and they found so much advantage in the change of their purchases, that, notwithstanding all her rude treatment, they acknowledged Repentance as a very useful friend.

Leisure, I found, was a metal, that proved more or less valuable according to the image stamped upon it; and, as I saw what admirable curiosities it purchased in the hands of good managers, I was quite provoked to see what quantities of it were flung away: but this was nothing. I saw many fine people throw away handfuls of diamonds, that they might have their fingers at liberty to catch batterflies.

In some parts of the fair every body seemed to

be playing at cross purposes: the most valuable gems were squandered away for trifles, which yet they could not purchase, and trifles offered for jewels of the highest price. I saw my friend Fosco, the antiquarian, among a multitude of the same class, who brought such a quantity of time and industry as would have purchased any thing in the whole place, and poured it out before a cabinet of copper coins, which still, after all, wanted one or two of being perfect. I saw others of gayer appearance buy a shadow, a flower, a feather, at still a higher price. At last, to my infinite vexation, a less shadowy figure stood before me, and a summons to attend some visitors that were just alighted, put an end to my reverse.



XX.

On our Capacity for Pleasure.

THERE is a magnificence in nature like that of some sumptuous feast: the objects of our enjoyment are multiplied infinitely beyond our capacities of enjoying; and there is something in the human mind perpetually dissatisfied with its present advantages, because it cannot take in every thing at once. Like silly children, possessed of all within our reach, we cry for all we see.

The desires of our nature so vast, and its capacities so bounded, are demonstrations of a being in its infancy here, and to be perfected hereafter. But, having traced this uneasy sentiment, this perpetual craving, to its natural source, we should from thence learn to suspend its force during our present state; and when once we know at what sort of enjoyments we can arrive, and how vainly we strive to go farther, sit down contented with our lot, and try to make the best of it. Were this done as it should be, spleen would lose half its empire in the world: we should not be much mortified at finding ourselves tied down for a while to such childish

ould consider that out , a higher end in view it can be attained, we ill satisfaction with & never be too proud to

upon Pleasure as a real essing the Author of Nas charmer to lead man on through (as Shakspeare orld. This soft enchantress nature appears dressed in sweet smells, gay colours, ffused through the whole eautiful in its season,* All pen our minds to so rich a apressions; to accommodate thankfulness to the present and to make the most of that

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at. be taken is, to keep our minds gaged from the world, that settible the true value upon every more, we may enjoy all the sa-

ng has in it. To a free mind

t violent attachments to any

errow the soul, and lessen its

e every thing that he had made, and, ood."-Gen. 1, 31.

etion it can possibly afford us, and avoid those eties which misplaced affections create. Viopartialities must have violent antipathics to nce them: those who set up to themselves to worship, will, at the same time, raise to aselves hobgoblins to fear. We can seldom in our hearts to exalt one character without essing another; and we must generally have an ct of ridicule and dislike, as well as one of esteem admiration: nay, I am afraid, there are more le who amuse themselves with seeing every thing burlesque and disagreeable light, than of such ill take the pains to be pleased with an amiable of this fair world. We are most ingenious to out what is wanting or amiss in our situations: how ready to overlook the other side! What plaints of the scorching heat of summer, the hing cold of winter! For some people no day good enough, no place without its faults, no pany without its failings. Alas, alas! as if it any thing new or unexpected, that this world ald be, in many things, deficient; as if it were pof of genius to discover what it is a much er proof of good sense to pass over; and as if eeded quick eyes to discern the flaws in this th cast of a globe! Who could ever expect it e all made of solid pearl, and polished to the sest lustre? Yet, such as it is, if we make best of it, we shall enjoy no small degree of riness.

here is, in every thing, a charm, a good that



ment and the bright blueness port to the eye and gladness the sight wanders through mind rises to the noblest co thoughts expatiate upon futi istence in worlds all of harm

But, to give us a just view pleasure, (and sure this is looking over,) we may consevery kind of object affords other, and resolve out of draw some degree of that which these do from inclinatiality; at least, not to overlægerd with aversion, whate innocence or reason. See beforist and botanist are with herbs which the rest of maunder foot: observe the as

each figure has an attitude, an air, something graceful or grotesque: and so far is not ridiculous. Every kind of virtuoso has his darling attention, and each one is the source of some pleasure unknown to the rest of the world. Why may not we share in them all? What a veneration has the antiquary for dust and mould! how pleased is the collector of rarities with moths and shells; nay, with what many of us should look upon as the refuse and deformities of nature! These good people, as much as they despise one another, have, all of them, reason on their side, as far as it will carry them: but when, attached to one particular thing, we indulge our fondness to an extravagance, then ridicule comes in with a just reproof. But this belongs only to the degree, to the immoderate fondness; for, in some measure, every thing deserves a pleased attention; the flower, the butterfly, the shell, has exquisite beauty; the herb, invaluable use.* Every species of learning is an improvement to human nature: and those of which the use is not obvious, may tend, perhaps, to important discoveries yet unthought of: antiquity is truly venerable, its simplicity amiable, its annals instructive: modern refinements have their merit: the most trifling gaieties of social life exhibarate the heart. and polish the manners. One might as fairly num-

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
 Shakepeare's As you Like it, act 2.



sideration uncertainty in another since our advantages in another rior to all that our best improven to acquire in this.

XXI.

On Reflection as the Source of Cheerfulness.

How vain and how vexatious is the flutter of the world! Even I, who am sufficiently sensible, perpays too much so, to its pleasures and amusements and find, after a little while, my spirits quite work but by them; and learn, from a frequent experience, that reflection of the most serious sort is the only true and lasting source of observaluess.

As most of our affections here take their deepest tinge from the workings of imagination, so there are, perhaps, scarce any that will maintain their terrifying shapes against the came efforts of reason: but, when amidst the hurry of a mixed and varied scene, we give them only now and then a transitory glance, these airy phantoms cast a gloom and horror over our whole lives: it is then that poverty and pain, and sickness, diagrace and disappointment, nay, satiety itself, strike upon our unguarded fancies in the most dreadful manner; our hearts are filled with sorrow, and poured out in ungrateful complainings: cool reflection alone can disdain these bugbears of the mind; and to one who comprehends, so far as our bounded understandings can

comprehend, the universal scheme of Providence, few of its particular dispensations will appear severe, while every present suffering is overbalanced by a glorious futurity.

How naturally the contemplation of what is most melancholy leads to the most enlivening hopes, may be seen in some verses which I will insert here, and which flowed from a natural chain of thoughts, from the trifling, but gloomy incident of a bell tolling at midnight.

Hark! with what solemn toll the midnight bell Summons Reflection to her dusky cell: With leaden sound it dully strikes the ear, Bids Horror 'wake, and careless Fancy hear. Chill'd Fancy hears, with awful gloom oppress'd, Thus by the deep-felt wordless voice address'd: 'Wake, mortal! 'wake from Pleasure's golden

dream,
The present gay pursuit, the future scheme;
The vain regret of hours for ever past;
The vain delights in joys not made to last;
The vainer prying into future days:
Since, ere to-morrow's sun exerts its rays,
My toll may speak them vain to thee. Thy fears,
Thy hopes, thy wishes vain, and vain thy tears.
What then to thee, whose folded limbs shall rest
In the dark bosom of the sabled chest;
What will it then import to thee, if Fame,
With flattering accents, dwells upon thy name,
Or spurns thy dust? or if thy mouldering form,
Safe from life's dangerous calm or dreadful storm,

Sleeps in the concave of a well-turn'd tomb,
By marble Cupids mourn'd, amid the gloom
Of some old abbey, venerably rude,
In Gothic pride? or in some solitude,
Beneath the spreading hawthorn's flowery shade,
Crown'd with fresh grass and waving fern, is laid;
Trod, in some public path, by frequent feet
Of passing swains, or deck'd by violets sweet:
Nameless, unheeded, till a future day
Shall animate to bliss the lifeless clay?
Or whether gally pass'd thy festive hours,
Bathed in rich oils, and crown'd with blooming
flowers:

Or pinch'd with want, and pined with wasting care: All joys, all griefs, alike forgotten there. The part well acted, gracious Heaven assign'd. If of the king, the warrior, or the hind, It matters not: or whether deck'd the scene With pomp and show, or humble, poor, and mean. The colouring of life's picture fades away, When to these shades succeeds a clearer day: The colouring partial Fortune blindly gave, Debased the imperial figure to a slave; In glittering robes bade shapeless monsters glow. And in a crown conceal'd the servile brow. Perhaps, false lights on well-drawn figures thrown; Scarce cautious Virtue would her image own: But when the gloss of titles, wealth, and power, Of Youth's short charm, and Beauty's fading flower, Before Truth's dazzling sun shall fade away, And the bare out-lines dare the piercing ray; Then, if the pencil of thy life has traced A noble form, with full proportion graced;

: .

A model of that image Heaven impress'd
In the first thoughts of thy untainted breast—
Whate'er the painting Fortune's hand bestowd;
Whether in crimson folds thy garments flow'd,
Or rags ungraceful o'er thy limbs were thrown,
Thy every virtue overlook'd, unknown;
An eye all-judging, an all-powerful hand
The bounteous pallet shall at length command;
Reject the vicious shape that shrinks away,
Stripp'd of those robes that dress'd it once so gay;
Excuse the imperfect form, if well design'd,
Where the weak stroke betray'd the enlighten's
mind;

Grant every ornament and every aid,
On every failing cast the proper shade,
And bld each smiling Virtue stand displayd;
Improving every part with skill divine,
Till the sair piece in fall perfection shine.

XXII.

On the Employments of Life.

Why is it that almost all employments are so unsatisfactory, and that when one hath passed a day of common life in the best way one can, it seems, upon reflection, to be so mere a blank? And what is the conclusion to be drawn from so mortifying an observation? Certainly not any conclusion in favour of idleness; for employment, as such, is a very valuable thing: let us have done ever so little, yet if we have done our best, we have the merit of having been employed, and this moral merit is the only thing of importance in human life.

To complain of the insignificancy of our employments, is but another name for repining at that Frovidence, which has appointed to each of us our station: let us but fill that well to the utmost of our power, and whatever it be, we shall find it to have duties and advantages enough.

But whence, then, is this constant disentisfaction of the human mind; this restlessness, this perpetual aim at something higher and better than, in the present state, it ever can attain? Whence, but from its celestial birth, its immortal nature, framed for the noblest pursuits and attainments, and, in due time, to be restored to all this dignity of being, if it does but behave properly in its present humiliation?

Be that as it will, there is something painful in this strong sense of worthlessness and meanness. that must make people of leisure and reflection pass many an uneasy hour: perhaps, there is nothing better fitted to wean us from life; but in doing that, it by no means ought to hinder us from industry and contentment. Every station, every profession, every trade, has its proper set of employments, of which it is an indispensable duty for every person to inform himself with care, and to execute with patience, perseverance, and diligence. This rule of duty holds from the emperor to the artisan; for though the employments are different, the duty that enforces them is the same in all. Man is born to labour: it is the condition of his being; and the greatest cannot exempt himself from it, without a crime.

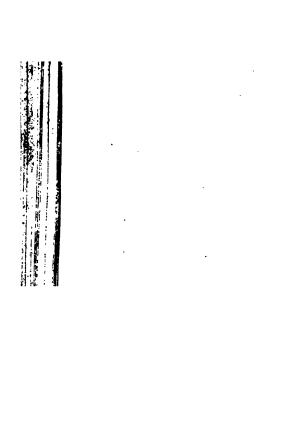
If we consider well, we shall find, that all employments, in this transient scene, come pretty much to the same nothingness.—The labours of those who were busy and bustling on this globe five or six hundred years ago—what now remains of them but the merit to the persons themselves, of having been well employed? How many valuable books, the employment, and the worthy one, of whole lives, have perished long ago with the very name of their

authors! The strongest monuments of human art and industry, obelisks, temples, pyramids, are mouldered into dust, and the brittle monuments of female diligence in pie-crust are not more totally lost to the world. To found an empire was enough to gain a sort of immortality; yet the empires themselves have proved mortal.

There are certainly some employments of a noble and a happy kind, but in no degree answerable to our ideas; for the best we can do is most poor, whether we would improve ourselves, or do good to our fellow creatures, in comparison of the capacity of our mind in its original state, which resembles some vast Roman amphitheatre, that once contained myriads of happy people within its ample round: defaced and ruined, it can now scarcely afford shelter from the sudden storm, to a few silly shepherds.

Empires die. Where now
The Roman? Greek? They stalk an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph.

Young's Night Thoughts, ix.



XXIII.

On Resignation to the Will of Providence.

It is too common for persons who are perfectly convinced of the duty of patience and cheerful resignation under great and severe trials, in which the hand of Providence is plainly seen, to let themselves grow fretful and plaintive under little vexations and slight disappointments, as if their submission in one case gave them a right to rebel in another: as if there was something meritorious in the greater sufferings, that gave them a claim to fall indulgence in every trifling wish of their heart; and, accordingly, they will set their hearts most violently upon little reliefs and amusements, and complain and pity themselves grievously if they are at any time denied.

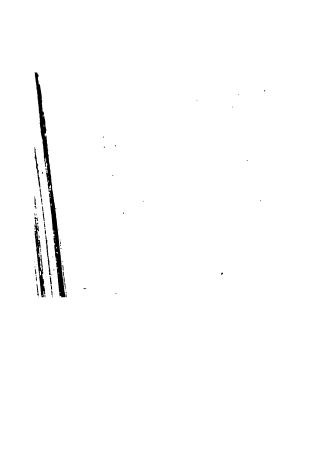
All this is building on a false foundation: the same gracious Providence, that sends real afflictions only for our good, will, we may be absolutely sure, afford us such supports and reliefs under them as are needful and fit; but it will not accommodate itself to our idle humour.

To be happy, we must depend for our happiness

on him alone, who is able to give it: we must not lean on human props of any kind; though when granted us, we may thankfully accept and make use of them; but always with caution, not to lay so much weight upon them, as that the reed, broken under our hand, may go into it and pierce it.

On the loss of a friend, we must not say, This and that person, this and that amusement shall be my relief and support: but-To Providence I must submit-Providence will support me in what way it sees proper.-The means on which I must depend, under that, are a careful and cheerful performance of, and an acquiescence in whatever is my duty: I must accommodate myself to all its appointments; and be they health or languor; a dull or an active and gay life; a society agreeable to my fancy, or one that is not, or none at all-if I do but endeavour to keep up this right disposition, and behave accordingly, nothing ought to make me melancholy or unhappy, nothing can, nothing shall. beyond this life, in this case, I not only may, but ought to look with joy and hope, with cheerfulness and alacrity of spirit: forward in this life, it is not only painful, but faulty, to look either with anxiety, or with self-flattering schemes. Yet on this present scene, from day to day, and forward, so far as is necessary to the duty of prudence. I may look with a smile of content and gratitude: for every day has something, has innumerable things, good and cheerful in it, if I know but how to make the best of it.

In a change of situation, think not, like a child, of the toys you leave, and the toys you shall find to make you amends for them: all play-things are brittle: think not, like a grazing animal, that you have changed one pasture for another; and shall graze on this or that herb here with delight: "The herb withereth, the flower fadeth" every where. But think like a reasonable creature.—This change was appointed for me: acquiescence is my duty; duty must be my support. Yet I know, such is the condescendence of Infinite Goodness, that I shall have many a slighter relief and agreeableness thrown in; but these are, by the by, not to be reckoned on before-hand, nor to be grieved for if they fail or intermit.



XXIV.

On the Happiness derived from Society.

What are my ideas of happiness? Negative ones present themselves first: a freedom from guilt—from self-dislike—from fear—from vexation—from languor—from pain—from sorrow.

The joy of early youth and early morning, that is, vigour and capacity for continual improvement, and a long space before one to exert them in, with a variety of new and noble objects.—But, alas! how am I fitted for this, who have acquired such strong habits of loitering indolence—lost all power of application?

Therefore application—a habit of it, ought to be re-acquired, though the objects of it here are looked upon with the indifference they so highly deserve.

The approbation and protection and guidance of the good, wise, amiable, and great—how much have I undeservedly experienced of that, even here! But mixed with a painfulness, and degree of suspicion, from feeling that I am nothing, and have

no claim to it; and that the best of them are but a degree above nothing; are fallible, and may be deceived in me, or mislead me; are mortal, and must forsake me, and leave me.—But look higher, and there is a power that can make us what it will, and goodness that wills our happiness, and wisdom that can fully fit us for it; and majesty and amiableness-no expression can reach the ideas that fill the soul in this contemplation and hope. Total solitude, in the enjoyment of thoughts like these, seems to me high happiness.—But the corruptible body would soon press down the mind; the exhausted spirits would sink into wretchedness; and there would be a self-reproach for the neglect of social duties. There will be duration enough for all, hereafter, and strength for every various exertion. There are some poor pleasures here, which are only such, because the mortal frame requires them, as it does food and sleep: these are what one calls relaxations, amusements, trifles that unbend the mind and vary its ideas agreeably: the sight of gay flowers or sunny landscapes: the song of birds; the sportings of innocent imagination in some trifling book; the gaieties of young animals-I am very thankful for these in their season; but past the moment when they are necessary, the landscape soon fades, if seen by one's self alone; and the book gives quite another kind of delight, if read in a society that are equally pleased. The amusement of animals is from seeing them happy: and all this tends to promote right dispositions, as the contemplation of beautiful objects and sweet sounds raises the mind to grateful adoration.

The mortal pleasure I can the least know how to lay out of my ideas, is the sweet forgetfulness of quiet and refreshing sleep—a great blessing here; but only here, where there are cares, and fears, and follies to be forgot: but if not indulged beyond needful refreshment, it ought, surely, while we are here, to be accepted with humble thankfulness.

The joys of society, are, of all others, most mixed with pain; yet, where all are perfect, and where all are happy, how sublime must they be! Alas, my great, my continual failure is in social duties! Why? Because I am almost continually in society. In solitude, one has nothing to do but to cherish good and pleasing dispositions: in society, at every unguarded moment, bad and painful ones break out. and fill one with shame, remorse, and vexation. Selfishness shows its ugly head: little contradictions excite vehemence of temper, to put out its claws: talkativeness prates away the inestimable hours, without use or pleasure: even good humour and easiness of temper must be restrained and mortified, else they lead to criminal negligence and destructive extravagance. The justest affections must be regulated, else they tie down the heart too much: on the contrary, justice and gratitude demand often that our kindest affections should be excited and expressed where natural temper and inclination do not prompt them. We ought, with the strictest eve of justice, to distinguish right and wrong in characters, and yet, with the tenderest charity, to overlook and compassionate ten thousand lesser faults and disagreeablenesses.

In short, the life of society is the life of constant, unremitting mortification and self-denial. It is this that makes the only useful hardship of the cloister; not the fastings, hair-cloths, watchings, and disciplines. But it is really still harder in uncloistered society. To keep the mind in right frame, and ten thousand interruptions; to be regular, and diligent, without the possibility of any settled plan; to spread cheerfulness when one is not pleased; to support it in one's self when others are dejected and a sad look or as a good word from those I love, sinks my heart, as a good word and a smile raises it instantaneously.

But far, far better than the cloistered rules of man's foolish and arbitrary invention, the life of society, with all its self-denials, is the appointment of the Almighty: every individual of human society is ennobled and endeared by its relation to him; for the meanest of these Christ died: our love to each other, to every one of each other, is the proof required of our being his disciples.

Selfishness, therefore, must be continually overcome, except where some real harm or great pain may be avoided by very slight inconvenience; and then it should not be cunningly contrived, but openly requested; and if granted, accepted as a favour, or the refusal cheerfully acquieaced in.

But, in other respects, how can we do good? Follow, as God's providence leads, each in his station, within his bounds and within his capacity.

Above all, keep up cheerfulness and good humour: an air of dissatisfaction is doubly faulty; it belies your eternal hopes, and disheartens all around you. -But conversation is so empty, so useless.-Keep it peaceable and innocent, at least. Restrain talkativeness in yourself, that you may think a little how to introduce somewhat useful; but do not strive too much. Mere good humour is very useful; it tunes the mind. Do, in every thing, the best you can; and trust in better merits that it shall be accepted. Look forward to the conversation of angels and perfected spirits; of those whom you have loved, and who have loved you amidst all your mutual imperfections here: there will be nothing but joy and eternal improvement: all joined in executing the divine will, and dwelling on its praises: no more fear of sorrow or parting; no more doubts and jealousies of yourself; no anxieties for them: all fixed and secure. Of past sorrows and frailties will remain only the everlasting gratitude of those who have been relieved and forgiven: each to other, in their due degrees; all supremely, to their God and Saviour!

XXV.

On Trust in Providence.

This is a day * I have cause to bless: let no gloomy thought come near it. But can I keep out of my mind the thought of such a friend as I so lately had, with a whole train of ideas attending that thought? No, undoubtedly: but let me think of that friend, and regulate those ideas, as I ought. Let me, with humble joyful gratitude, consider in how many excellent beings I have the interest of an affectionate and beloved friend. Glories of the world! I look down upon you; my happiness, my boast, are of a higher kind.

These friends are, at present, far separated from one another, but all happy; and, in a blessed hereafter, I am permitted humbly but joyfully to hope; that we shall all be eternally re-united. What mutual gratulations, what tender recollections must tattend that re-union! And O, what unspeakable gratitude and adoration to him, through whose blessed redemption that blue shall be attained, and if this mortal put on immortality!" The facil

Probably her birth-day.

thought. This idea is too vast and yet it is not a fairy vision, but a steadfitruth.

Far away, then, all melancholy appredeath, of pain, of parting, mere shadows For what is pain?—An hour of trial, th our faith, patience, and fortitude. What -The entrance upon our reward, the e dangers and perplexitles, the point to have been tending from our birth. Wh ing?-More bitter in itself than death. leaves us destitute of our dearest supp state wherein we seem to need them mo then, as the severest pain, is the noblest are we not sure that we are in the hands ciful God, whose every attribute is engas no more upon us than, our own faith and cere endeavours concurring, he will ens bear, to triumph over?

We are born into this world poor help tures; but parents, friends, protectors, vided, to conduct us up to maturity. A cious Providence works by what variety ments it sees fit; but fit instruments it ner and never can want. The seeds of good grow up with us; at least, the enemy tarcs so early, that they soon overtake To root out the one, and to cherish the the business of life. What is it to us means, or by what change of hands, the

the harvest vouchsafes to do this, since our great concern is only that it be effectually done; and then we are well assured that he "will gather the wheat into his garner?"

He who has given the former rain in its season, will not deny the latter rain also to the diligent and pious husbandman. Where a merciful Providence has remarkably blessed the earlier part of life, the well-disposed heart need not fear that the latter years of it shall be left destitute: every fit support and guidance shall be provided; nay, every comfort and delight, that contradicts not some still kinder intention or more important aim.

Sufferings belong to human nature: of these, some persons have a larger, some a lighter share, and this indiscriminately, in some measure, to had and good. This appointment is for wise reasons, some of which even our poor shallow understandings can trace. But the good are assured that they shall never want any necessary support under their sufferings; and to know that they are liable to them, is one appointed trial of their faith, of their submission. A true Christian knows that all these things shall finally work together for his good; why then should he dread any of them?

But when these sufferings are actually present, how must they be supported?—Cheerfully. To those who know that all is, on the whole, well, every passing day brings its amusement and relief; and let these be thankfully accepted: those who are



While continued in hur serve a sociable, a friend affectionate remembrance removed already into a hig let our active love be exert travellers; and let it be o enabled, to lead many alon happy mansions. This, at only work we are fit for: one?

"Be glad, O ye righte Lord, for a good and plea thankful!"

XXVI.

On the Necessity of Innocent Amusement.

AMUSEMENT is useful and laudable, not when it draws the mind from religious subjects (in this view the world uses it, and is destroyed by it,) but when it takes the thoughts from such sorrows as are merely temporal and imaginary, and so refits them for that better employment, which, without this harmless medium, they could not so soon or so well have resumed. The idle mind flies improvement as its enemy, and seeks amusement as its end: the Christian heart has but one home, one joy, one pursuit. But from this home it is too often detained; from this joy it is too often shut out: in this pursuit it is too often hindered by the frailty of human nature, the necessary attentions and engagements of life, the attachments of affinity and friendship.

On this side eternity cares and sorrows will be felt, in some degree, by the best; but the Christian, who knows that it is his absolute duty to rejoice and give thanks in every thing, indulges not those gloomy hours, nor wilfully harbours one melancholy thought. Yet striving with such thoughts is

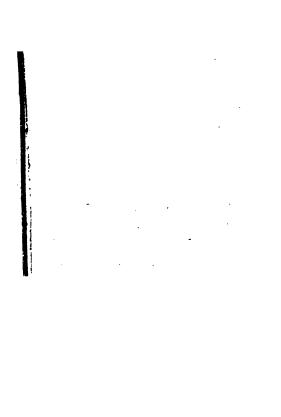


wateriul Goodness, to call on my though their present vain anxiety or sinful regree thankful contemplation of a gracious Cres Redeemer. This employment, this compa calls my present attention from subjects wish to pursue, though it pursues them to i this dull and unedifying company, this a trifling employment, is, in the order of Proa kind remedy to unbend my mind, and restore its strength. As such, I will the accept it, and cheerfully turn myself to it; am absent in company, I had better be alo

NECESSITY OF INNOCENT AMUSEMENT.

soul is equally wasting its strength in earnest thought and melancholy recollection, and my appearance discredits the cause of religion.

These are the reasons that make it a duty to open the mind to every innocent pleasure, to the admiration of every rural object, to harmless pleasantry and mirth, to such a general acquaintance with arts and sciences, trades and manufactures, books and men, as shall enable us to attend to. and to be amused, in some degree, with every scene, and with every conversation. There is just the same pride in resolving that our minds' shall be always employed on the stretch, as in imagining that our reason is a competent judge of all subiects: human frailty and imperfection alike forbid both. The Israelites gathered their manna from day to day; so should we our temporal pleasures and comforts, and trust him to provide for tomorrow who supplied us yesterday. When through eagerness and fondness of mind, we hoard up, by anxious schemes and wishes, a portion for ourselves, it breeds but corruption. Only in the ark can it be laid up safe.



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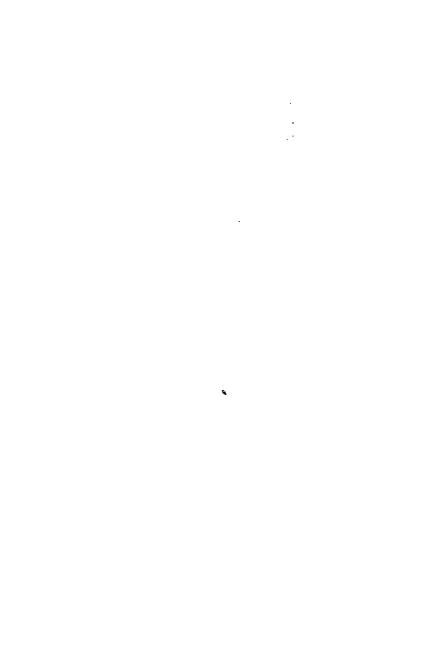
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